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# THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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## *Two Poems by Richard Rowley*

### EXPERIENCE

NOT in a world of sense  
Where men stumble and stray,  
Where touch and taste and sight  
Encumber us and betray,  
Can we trust experience,  
For dreams bewilder the night  
And visions darken the day.

But a beggar-man said to the Poet  
Met on a road in Mourne,  
“Love is a passing evil,  
Let the youngsters rave and shriek,  
As tho’ their hearts were torn  
By an eagle’s claw or beak :  
Hunger’s a worser thing  
And harder to be borne.”

Haunted, harried, hidden  
Children of broken clans,  
The life or death we suffer  
Is not a god’s—but a man’s.  
With touch, taste, sight we grope  
In a half-known world of sense ;  
The jailer’s key, the hang-man’s rope  
Are fruits of experience.

## THE VOICE

ON a lane in Moneydarragh,  
 I, climbing my lone,  
 My heart on the mountain-head,  
 My eyes on the way I trod,  
 Heard a miraculous tone  
 The voice of a demon or God,  
 And knew not what it said.

I have talked with old wise men  
 Disputing in the schools ;  
 I have heard soldiers expounding  
 Warfare's bestial rules ;  
 I have chattered with merchants,  
 And gossiped with fools ;  
 But once the voice of Wisdom  
 Whispered in my ear,  
 In a loanin' of Moneydarragh,  
 And nobody near.

## 'IN THE MIDWAY OF THIS OUR MORTAL LIFE'

*By Ewart Milne*

FORSWEARING the promises  
 Promised to childhood,  
 We here : and with hands  
 Of marvellous inventiveness :  
 Cease storming the heaven  
 Of earth that denied us.

What shall remember us !  
 What shall remember us !  
 The sky or our monuments ?  
 The child ? the betrayal ?  
 The oak leaves whispering ?

And as sink now cities,  
 And as metal bursts over,  
 We here (ah dead love  
 Of love and of neighbour)  
 Plead the plea of the guilty :  
*Forgive us, deliver us.*

*Two Poems by Donagh MacDonagh*

JE SAIS AUJOURD'HUI SALUER LA BEAUTÉ  
 —*Rimbaud*

I.

WHEN she was youthful, proud and beautiful,  
 With every young man's head in every street  
 Turned to her walking, and a poet's heart  
 Spread naked, waiting patiently for her feet,  
 She would have passed along and never seen  
 A thousand turning heads ; but now she sees  
 A lifted hat, a deferential smile,  
 A half-salute, a tame desire to please.

She would have passed me by in any room ;  
 But age has brought her near to me, as age  
 Has withered all the lineaments of that face  
 That took all poetry as living wage.

II.

*She*

We marched down Sackville Street in '97,  
 Our pockets big with stones,  
 He and I matching that crowd of reckless men  
 In accurate smashing of the traitor windows  
 Lighted to fête an ageing enemy.  
 Then he was bright with dreams and gay with talk,  
 And caution distant as the first white hair.

But age and carefulness walk cheek by cheek,  
 And when we meet to-day he goes in fear  
 I may hand my shopping basket to his hand  
 Or greet a passing rebel in the street,



## III.

MEN can still discern the living bones  
That underlay her face's loveliness,  
And on that frame can weave a dreaming face  
Evoking savagery and gentleness.

Beauty has vanished from her, and her youth,  
Her lovers, all that stilled the turbulent crowd,  
Yet when she walks they stand to let her pass  
Who moves like Helen in a festive shroud.

## IV.

*She*

Because one chorus of my beauty  
Beat incessantly on my ears when young  
No man who knew only that litany  
Could make me hear, however smooth his tongue,  
Whatever genius stirred his poetry  
Or taught his pen outlandish flatteries ;  
Only the loveless appeal to do, and act ;  
The bitter sacrifice, seemed sweet to me.

Now that young men can watch my face in peace  
Without the blood being jangled in their veins  
I know the silence terrible ; that unheard praise  
Has left a peace that only age explains.

## FONTAINEBLEAU

THE surging power of war and of words  
Springs out of some dark fissure  
Varnish of culture cannot touch.  
And so all wild desirable barbarities  
Crouch down out of sight  
Waiting the auspicious moment  
When the candle is overturned  
And darkness screams with slackened nerves.

Knowledge is not enough.  
 Passion and fear can tear all knowledge down  
 Shattering the carefully wrought  
 Filigree of thought  
 And trampling with certain feet the Sèvres dream.

Archimedes had no argument to turn the soldier's point,  
 But died as we through accident of birth.

And this is the story of Vae Victis and victorious hordes,  
 Strength rising out of earth's caves  
 And unexpected places,  
 Bloody and sticky swords against modulated words,  
 Rough beard and sword against well-bred faces ;  
 Varnish of culture giving beneath  
 The blowlamp's laughter and time's rat teeth.

## AIR RAID : NO HERALDRY

*By S. Gorley Putt*

MAGNIFICENCE has drained from earth  
 The cruel reds are faded down  
 And brown the sadness of our wiser birth.

Glory of trumpets, Tudor glee,  
 Repose on panchromatic plates ;  
 Golden gates, unserfed, give access to emancipated enemy.

Armour of the small assassins  
 Thick-set for the thews of terror  
 Has no wearer now and fear unfastens

Bolts and engines of defence.  
 The cool sky spreads a bleak  
 Unholy hatred, once confined  
 Within an iron helmet's case or furious on a halberd's peak.

Hands no longer carve in flesh  
 Or weave silk scarves for tortured eyes :  
 Vain with the anguish of sick peace  
 Patiently we wait for death, a cool enlightened sacrifice.

*Three Poems by R. S. Thomas*

I

I KNOW no clouds  
 More beautiful than they  
 That the far hills shroud  
 At the end of the day.

Silver and soft and grey  
 As a wild bird's breast  
 They cover the heath ways  
 As a swan her nest,

And as a lark sings  
 To his mate from the deep sky,  
 To these a shy star brings  
 Peace from on high.

2.

Look, look at the sky  
 Above you,  
 Where the keen winds  
 Since dawn were busy  
 Quarrying the dark clouds to find  
 This virgin blue.

BIRCHES

Fine-boned are the trees  
 Whose flimsy dress  
 Conceals them not  
 From the wind's caress.

Conceals them not  
 From moon or star  
 That smile to find  
 How smooth they are,



# VERSE AND VOICE

*By Gordon Bottomley*

**A**MONG the benefits and sore trials that have come by man's sadly enthusiastic adoption of the invention of printing we tend to forget the injuries that have come from it. It was an English poet who wrote the other day, "Certainly Caxton has done us great harm"; but it was the great Irish poet whose loss we are still lamenting who noted at the ending of the nineteenth century that poetry—which at its birth had been delivered to men's ears—had shrivelled into a silent matter for men's eyes, and had developed anaemia and uncertainty of purpose thereby.

Poets are reputedly dreamers; but it was a salient characteristic of W. B. Yeats that when he found something defective in his kingdom of the arts he speedily developed a practical method of putting it right. Beside being the first to insist that silence and the printing press were causing malnutrition in poetry, he noted also that the poet had been split, and his function divided between the writer of literature and the composer of music; and, again, that poetry was the sufferer by the alien musician pursuing his art with so much zest that the poet's words were inaudible in the sound that delivered them. The poet had once been the singer: now he must give a power of musical attorney to a singer that has made a wind instrument of its throat, and considers nothing else.

By the end of the nineteenth century the only singers whose words were certain to be distinguishable were the music-hall vocalist—the quality of whose words were rarely poetic—and the folk-singer, whose material was only drawn from the past.

The musicians being beyond salvation in this connexion, their instrumental specialisation having become a supreme thing in itself that the general population could not be persuaded to forego, Yeats's first remedy was that the poet should turn his back on them—bringing away from their society as much of their craft as he needed.

As he himself has gone now, so the ranks must be thinning of his contemporary-believers who heard his first demonstrations in London (at the vanished Hall of Clifford's Inn, near Temple Bar) of his innovating method of Speaking To Musical Notes,

which was to reconstitute the ancient bardic art by supporting the oral delivery of poetry with a melodic line whose notes were to be spoken on and never fully vocalised.

Shelley sang "Rarely, rarely, comest thou"; but those were occasions when the Spirit of Delight did come! There was enchantment in the air of the dingy seventeenth century chamber. If any then present read this so long afterward, I think they will agree there was a sense of something vital happening. Yet that was a manifestation which did not persist: the ancient bardic mind, with ancestral melodic memory, could not be recreated by one generation for itself. Ours is a century where we will only have the things that can be got without waiting for them. A vivid illumination was there when Florence Farr spoke in ways worked out with the poet himself, guiding the melodic line with a psaltery made for the occasion by the master-craftsman Arnold Dolmetsch: it hovered and faded when one of the speaker's pupils took the psaltery and stood in her place. It blossomed again (if an illumination can blossom) in a kind of individual folk-art when Pamela Colman Smith seated herself on the platform-floor, with a zither on her knee, and spoke

"There is many a strong farmer"

with an inimitable effect that made the audience hold its collective breath for fear of missing one word of a speaking which had in it more than the music of song.

The manifestation vanished: Florence Farr and Pamela Colman Smith could create ecstasy because they had the power to create an adequate melodic line; but their successors were in the music schools, learning to harmonise a melodic line and suppress any adjacent words; and the beautiful method bore no fruit.

Even the idea of it was forgotten, except by the little groups who had gone to Clifford's Inn for the sake of it. A fine melodic line is its essential, and there seems a good chance that the method might be revived with those Border Ballads whose former tunes have been written down. There is the fine melodic line waiting: the wandering harpists of long ago must have delivered it much in the spoken way of Yeats's intention; even now enough could be made of such Ballads to justify him, and the revived Celtic harp would give the perfect support.



Yeats, however, knew his own purposes. He took his experience to the Abbey Theatre and tested it there on the speaking of dramatic verse—another medium, a different music that did without notes.

Then the English Poet Laureate, Masfield, shared those experiences, and helped to establish clearly and firmly the principle that verse was not created for the eye, but for the ear; and that it can only reach complete vitality in the ear. A wider basis for the belief was provided by his initiation of annual Recitations at Oxford, which, in other hands, still base themselves on his work.

But before that could happen it was significant that a contribution came from the other Celtic partner in the British Isles—Scotland. A Glasgow expert in speech-training, Marjorie Gullan, had studied the new Irish poetry with eager sympathy, and had made, with a true sense of artistry, notable changes in the stilted elocutionism of the time. As usually happens, a gifted leader drew young people of exceptional gifts to share in the work; it had happened before at the Abbey Theatre; it was to happen again at the Oxford Recitations. The vocal quality, the great vowel-range, the intense imaginative power of those Scots speakers were arresting. They made verse-speaking a new and precious thing, which claimed the Laureate's delighted attention at the Glasgow Musical Festival—and that of another poet, who met the same enchanted speakers as members of the Scottish National Players Society during its production of a verse-drama "Gruach."

The Oxford Recitations were the outcome of the Laureate's interest, and the young Scots speakers helped to initiate these. A good many years afterward, in the Laureate's own theatre on Boar's Hill, near Oxford, he paid a tribute to the pioneer work of W. B. Yeats, which by that time had had widespread recognition.

Perhaps the most notable development was still to complete itself. In realising the beauty of the Glasgow speakers' extended resources, the Laureate had suggested to their teacher that, with such suppleness and skill of diction, they might do something interesting in the way of speaking together. At the Glasgow festival of the following year a huge audience was quite literally spellbound by the passages from Swinburne and the Murray translations of Euripides in which a new choric art—an art of choric speech—deployed its resources and suggested technical possibilities.

A mechanical business called "class-recitation" had at that time afflicted most people in their school-days. The Laureate's suggestion had, at a stroke, taken Marjorie Gullan beyond all memory of that and its limitations, and set her free to find fresh solutions of the drawbacks to "Community Speaking" and, out of her great dictional resources, discern and develop a technique of performance that makes an artistic expressive result possible both in the presentation of drama of the ancient Grecian type, and in the recital of the larger types of design in non-dramatic poetry. She has demonstrated this kind of work in the United States and Canada even more than in Britain; and her pupils have carried her ideas to Australia and South Africa—completing the final stage of the reinstatement of poetry as a vocal art.

But indeed, when the principle is once accepted, there are as many forms of the speech-art as there are trained selfless speakers. Poetry asks them to be unlike the old-fashioned elocutionists, and forget themselves in the poem. We see among great executant musicians an almost universal mistrust of the printed book and a desire to do without it, and that is good counsel for the speaker, too; mistrust the fastidious people (usually educationists) who urge that the only safety from the elocutionists' tricks is in reading quietly from the book at the fireside: the speaker does not possess the poem until he can trust his faculties to it and throw the book away.

The fundamental reason for speaking poetry is, surely, that  
THE SOUND OF POETRY IS PART OF ITS MEANING.

There are godlike beings among us who assure us they get deeper and more spiritual delight from sitting at home and reading music silently than they do from listening to it played by an orchestra to all kinds of people. There can be only two interpretations of this statement: either (1) it is not true, or (2) they get less than they might from the music either way.

There is, indeed, a poetic imagery in music's combined sounds, when such composers as Weber, Wagner, Debussy combine them: and it sleeps until the sounds are produced to waken it. In poetry, too, there is such imagery: its full existence is in audibility—not in any kind of vociferation, or artfulness either; but in a well-used voice finding its imaginative utterance.

These are not statements that can be proved by testing them off-hand, improvisedly. There is a very usual belief that, because



we are all always talking, and have slipped into the habit instinctively, we know how to speak ; it is akin to another fond belief, that a man's native air has mystically curative properties, although it may be the furnace breath of Pittsburgh (Pa.) or the sulphuric fumes of Widnes. The latter belief can be trusted to disprove itself now and then at the expense of a life : few people notice when the former disproves itself at the expense of a life, for it is only the very life of poetry.

The speaking of poetry, indeed, needs as perfect an instrument and as precise a training as the performance of violin music (to take a specially exacting instance) : to make it worth while to do or to be listened to, the voice must be "made" in the right place in the rear ; the words must be made in the right place in front, and the discipline of the lips must be absolute, both to that end and also in their share in producing an adequate and wide range of vowel-sounds (a part of the technique in which modern English English is noticeably deficient) ; and the quality of voice must be in control, both as to its character of tone and its government by breath from the diaphragm. To be an acceptable singer, the voice should be capable of beautiful tone throughout : this is not a universal attribute, so perhaps singers should occur as exceptions ; but nearly everyone's voice has a beautiful place in it that should be found and made sure of, and trusted when the service of a poem needs a special effort and rally of resources. And when a fine speaker has learnt this, a harder thing is to be learnt : not to listen to the beauty of one's voice, not to play tunes on it to one's own glory and the obscuring of the poem.

In the old days, when pictures were painted largely by hand, the art-student was told, "Learn your surface-anatomy to the last tendon, and then forget all about it." Perhaps this is true about method in all the arts : at least it is true for the speaking of poetry. When a thorough technical method is understood, let it become instinctive ; then let the mind take equal possession of the poem itself, and forget all about the technique. Success comes in proportion to the degree of such an attainment of selflessness. Those of us who have listened for years to such speakers know how intensely worth while the result can be.

It is seen to be equally necessary when choric speech is attempted. A good chorus cannot be made with a group of celebrated stars : each star feels obliged to give a consummate

expression to its personal powers, and nothing but a series of simultaneous solos is the result. In a chorus the treasures are the selfless speakers who like to put the poem first. There are delightful experiences in choric speaking which must be felt, and are not to be set down in words. It is not necessary that all should always speak together on one note ; each speaker can use some customary range of tone, provided the whole company is sensitive to each other--when great subtleties in the way of their tuning-in harmonically with each other can be developed. When every speaker is possessed by the rhythm of the poem in hand, it begins to exert a concerted control of them--until they can feel as much parts of one being as a rowing boat's crew. Still further in the background, when the members know each other's methods so well that they control each other's breathing, tone itself becomes a living thing, the poem can be yielded to and allowed to take command, and the shapely sound soars as a perfect building does.

In acquiring this skill, this experience, a conductor of longer experience can give vital help—but as a leader, not a master. When a choir comes into its powers and knows itself, the conductor's function is performed within its own body. At the height of achievement there can be no doubt that poetry's existence is really in sound.

## THE GARDEN

*By Edward Sheehy*

THE garden was Ulrica's kingdom though for many years now it had been a tangled wilderness where only those plants survived that could live without care, escalonia, lilac and sprawling laurels. The bluebells and daffodils, even the grass, retreated from the feet of Ulrica's subjects to the shelter of the shrubs. The jasmine, yellow-starred with every spring, leaned crazily from its iron trellis. Only the five massy beech were superior to all fluctuations at their base and encompassed, between their silver boles, Ulrica's forest.

The garden was Ulrica's kingdom ; though as necessity demanded it contained foreign lands and distant, storied seas,

abode of giant and lair of dragon. The dragon, impersonated by a cumbersome, woolly and affectionate mongrel, suffered daily a ritualistic death at the hands of Ulrica in her character of rescuer of damsels in distress. The giant, the left hand pillar of the wicket that opened on to Lincoln Road, carried the scars of repeated decapitations, the penalty for holding princesses in thrall.

She ruled the garden because she was the oldest and knew more stories. She decided what games should be played, and what everyone was to be, and she herself was always the Snow Queen or the Sleeping Beauty or the King's youngest son. The others were her brother Roland, who was eight; the four MacNamaras, Eddie, Sis, Fanny and Ger; the two Costelloes, Maureen and Franky. At her bidding they travelled through the forest, which meant threading, in the most devious manner possible, the labyrinth among the shrubs: they crossed dangerous seas, the voyagers crowding a zinc bath borrowed from the scullery and rowing until it could be decently conceded that they had reached Lapland or China or that place far out where the water is as blue as cornflowers and the Sea King has his palace.

"I don't mind admitting that she puzzles me," Mammy admitted to Mrs. MacNamara. "She's such a quiet child. She doesn't seem to have any of the interests of a girl of her age, all day long with the children."

"Oh, her father's daughter, Mam," Mrs. MacNamara said.

"You know," Mammy said, "I think too much reading is bad. Her father was like that, quiet and wrapped up in himself and looking at you sometimes as if you weren't there. Honestly, Mrs. MacNamara, I'm worried about her sometimes."

"Still, the children just worship her, Mam," Mrs. MacNamara said. "Once they've gobbled their dinners after school they're off down to her. And with Ulrica I can always be sure they're not in mischief."

"I suppose that's something," Mammy said.

"And after all, she's not much over twelve," Mrs. MacNamara said.

In the garden she was always quiet and deliberate, moving slowly and gracefully on her long tapering legs. She was never angry with her subjects; when they displeased her she had a way of retreating within herself, of looking coldly at them out of her wide and grave blue eyes that frightened them more than

anger ever could. Then she would leave them until overtures of peace came, usually under some ingenious disguise.

"Ulrica," someone would approach and say, "is this a magic flower?"

If she knew the name of the flower she'd answer:

"No, silly. Don't you see it's just an ordinary buttercup. Still it is pretty. Is it for me?"

If she didn't know she'd look at it gravely, nod and say: "Yes," and put it away in the box where she kept the shells the Sea King's mermaids wore on their tails. In either case peace followed.

Now it was summer, and being twelve Ulrica didn't have to go to bed until half past nine, whereas the others had to be home at eight o'clock. The garden was full of light, soft and golden like honey, and the shrubs threw long tangled shadows on the ground and her own shadow stretched across the open space and half way up the wall. The bark of the beech was cool and smooth to her cheek, and high above the innumerable, wind-ruffled leaves shimmered in the light. She stopped a while to watch the orange-lily that sprang every year from among the roots of a lilac clump. The bud was now tight and compact at the head of a long leafy stem. In a few days more there would be a flower, a haughty orange flower that looked as if it should grow only where people were tall and golden, soft-voiced and beautiful. She guessed that it must have come here by mistake and had to hide so as not to attract attention to its strangeness.

She left the flower as the tram came screaming and rocking down Lincoln Road with a crowd going to the dogs on top.

She heard the creak of the front gate and saw Mr. MacKelvey stepping up the path, calling to see Mammy. He was grey and neat and plump like a pigeon. She heard the front door open for him and Bridie say: "Good evening, sir."

At that moment she decided that she wouldn't go to bed straight away when she went to her room. She'd kneel on the floor inside her window and watch until it was night and the cats began to prowl on their secret and important adventures. They weren't the same cats one saw lazy and obsequious on cushions. Chicot in the kitchen was nearly always sleepy and foolish-looking. In the garden at dusk he was free and proud in the leisurely dignity of his going. To-night, Mammy wouldn't come to say good-night



until Mr. MacKelvey had gone, or perhaps not at all if he stayed very late.

"You can bet your bottom dollar he means business," Bridie said, "sitting on her doorstep four nights out of five."

Bridie was a disappointment. Bridie came off a train in a fawn shawl with tassels and no shoes, and carried a square yellow wicker basket in which all her things were packed. That was years ago, and when she was a native Irish speaker and looked interesting and for a long time was hard to understand. But soon enough she took to powder and lipstick and celanese undies; she learnt to say "okay" and to go with soldiers on her nights off. She spoke Irish now only when she lost her temper, and when Ulrica reminded her of the stories she used to tell when she came first, stories of fairy marvels and the good people, she'd scoff and say: "Yerra, is it them old pishrogues?"

With the noise of a tram passing she barely heard Bridie's call. It was so faint that she decided not to hear it, hoping that Bridie would go back to the kitchen and call her later. But Bridie came down the path, peering and calling until she found her.

"Your mother says you're to put on your blue," she said, "and you're to have supper with herself and himself." She chuckled, winked and jerked her head roguishly. "There's something in the wind to-night, I'll be bound. Come on now and hurry yourself. And mind you're nice to him now. None of your stuck-up airs. Be nice to him and I'll tell you all about it in the morning."

Bridie was a fool. An infant could see what it was all about. Mr. MacKelvey was going to marry Mammy and to live in the house instead of calling in the evenings. Beyond that she hadn't thought. Beyond that there was no use in thinking.

Mammy and Mr. MacKelvey were at the table when she opened the door of the sittingroom. She crossed the carpet with slow, very short steps.

"Ah, there you are," Mammy said. "Whatever in the world kept you all this time. Come along now and sit down."

But first Mr. MacKelvey held out his hand and said:

"Well, and how's the great big girl this evening?"

She took his hand politely and he drew her into the crook of his arm and hugged her, saying :

"My, but you'll soon be a young woman."

"Let her come to her supper, Tom," Mammy said.

There was a large round sponge-cake with a cream centre which she knew was one of the nicest things to eat. But to-night it remained dry in her mouth and her throat was stiff when she swallowed. Across Mr. MacKelvey's shoulder she could see the light reddish-gold in the garden, the shadows soft and blue like smoke. She didn't want to do or say anything, only to remain still and let everything happen that had to happen. She wished that Mr. MacKelvey wouldn't look at her like that, quickly and away again, with the eyes of a bird.

"Come on, darling," Mammy said. "Eat up your cake or I'll think you need senna pods."

"Good, isn't it, Ulrica," Mr. MacKelvey said thickly, licking a blob of cream from his middle finger. "That name's a mouthful, Martha, you know. Sounds kind of formidable."

"Oh, that was her father's choice," Mammy said. "I forget now where it came from . . . some book or other he was reading at the time. I know he got Roland out of a French book. A Monsieur Duhamel at the French legation used to say that he spoke French like a native."

Mr. MacKelvey belched faintly and discreetly behind his plump hand.

"Oh, I hear he was gifted all right," he said, in a voice dimly mournful.

"Not that he ever made anything of it," Mammy said sharply.

"I don't suppose she remembers . . . much," he said, nodding towards Ulrica.

"She was seven," Mammy said. "Oh, I don't think it affected her at all."

Daddy was tall and thin and dark and had his cough, and he knew the names of all the flowers. Daddy was the long gentle face bent over the bed, and his mouth smiling and saying : "Good-night, sweetheart." Daddy was the hot hand leading her along the park paths among a blaze of flowers and along the quays

where the seagulls wheeled and cried above the river where he stopped to look at the books on the barrows. And Mammy said : " For God Almighty's sake, why don't you do something ? This is no kind of life for a woman of my age." And after she talked of your poor daddy who is gone to heaven, when she wore black and everybody said it suited her she was so fair.

" Well, Martha," Mr. MacKelvey said. " What about breaking the good news to our little Pollyphemia ! "

Mammy smiled ; her hand joined his around the corner of the table.

" I've something important to tell you, darling," she said. " Mr. MacKelvey is going to be your new daddy and the two of you're going to be great pals. Aren't you, darling, for Mammy's sake ? "

" No joke, you know, taking charge of a big lassie like you," Mr. MacKelvey said. " You'll have to mind your p's and q's, you know." He was laughing, and she looked at him long and wonderingly until he stopped.

" Haven't you anything to say, Ulrica ? " Mammy asked, her voice ringing sharply like tin. What was there to say ?

" No, Mammy," Ulrica said.

" What do you mean, Miss ? "

" Leave her alone, Martha," Mr. MacKelvey said. " I'm sure she doesn't realise . . . "

" I won't have her sulking like that and giving herself airs," Mammy said. " And whatever else, Tom, you mustn't spoil her. Ulrica, go over this instant and shake hands with your new daddy."

Obediently she rose and walked slowly round the table. She held out her hand. He took it briskly ; but looked away from the cold steadfast look of her eyes.

" Ah, that's better now, much better," he laughed. " We're going to be the best of friends, so we are. You'll see now." He drew her towards him and held her against his side. Sweat shone on his forehead.

" She's really rather backward for her age, I'm afraid," Mammy said.

" You know, Martha," Mr. MacKelvey said, " I've just had a brain-wave. I don't know if I told you that I had an aunt in Loreto."

" Sister Silvester," Mammy said.

"Well," he said, "it just struck me . . . while we're settling down there'll be a bit of a mix up for a while. A few terms there'd . . . kind of knock the corners off . . . get her in touch with kids her own age. After what you told me, you know. Anyway it's an idea."

Mammy bent her head thoughtfully, her mouth pursed as if on a draw-string.

"We'll talk it over some other time, Tom," she said.

"Sleep on it anyway," Mr. MacKelvey said.

He ran a finger round the inside of his stiff white collar.

"Gosh, it's stuffy," he said. "What do you say we go out and get a breath of air?"

"Come along, Ulrica, you can have another ten minutes before bed," Mammy said.

Behind the beech a streamer of orange cloud trailed across the sky, but the sunlight was gone from the garden, a shadowy blue solitude on whose quiet the footsteps and voices grated harshly.

Mammy walked arm in arm with Mr. MacKelvey, step for step with him and her head close to his.

"Walk along in front, darling," she said to Ulrica, and to him she said, "What a lovely evening. What a pity the garden is in such a mess, but of course Ulrica will have half the brats in the neighbourhood trampling round it."

"Oh, we'll get a man to tidy it up and put in a few flowers and things," he said. "You know there might be room for a tennis court between this and the trees."

"That's a lovely idea," Mammy said. "We could have tennis parties in the summer."

"I'll measure it some day soon. We might have to get rid of one or two of those trees. They darken the place anyway."

Chicot, crouched under a laurel, started and streaked along the path. Her eye quickened to follow his lithe black flight into the beech that adjoined the wall, the leap that carried him into the crowding dusk beyond.

"If I could cry," Ulrica thought, with a certain interest in the discovery, "this would be the time."



# LLEWELYN POWYS

*By Louis Marlow*

**L**LEWELYN POWYS wrote in exact accordance with himself. It is the first test of any writer's value that he should do this, and it is a test that very few can satisfy. Most, when they write, are deflected from themselves, knowingly or unknowingly, by strong and constant pressures. They are deflected by the coterie vogues of the moment, or by popular demands, or by literary influences of the past or present; they are concerned with what they think they ought to feel and express; what is individual in them is at once blurred, and, often very soon, it may be obliterated. When a writer does not suffer this death, when his identity stays intact, neither mutilated by outer forces nor diseased by public infections, he is a rare one. In his own generation he is often disregarded and disliked, because his very immunity to the modes and influences of his time is a reproach and so an offence to the majority: instead of being recognized as original he is condemned as a crank, sometimes as a "dangerous crank," which is the phrase used in one of the obituary notices of Llewelyn Powys.

But it was not only because Llewelyn, inevitably and without conscious effort, kept himself unspotted from the world of his day, that he stirred resentment. His writings show, invariably, three controlling preoccupations, and two of the three are with those "dangerous" matters of deep and universal concern, love and death. It is significant that his last book should have these simple and disturbing words for its title. Around the ideas of love and death there have grown up dense confounding entanglements of phrases, fancies, reassurances, reconciliations, delusions, ambiguously or incongruously woven together, fabrications devised by man after man, through century after century, in self-defence against the realities of the chameleon Love, and of Death with its one changeless aspect, no less perturbing and irreconcilable, no less full of betrayal to man's mind and emotions than are the shifting, fortuitous, numberless aspects of human erotic desire. Llewelyn Powys, not with the calm ironical detachment of the wary man of the world or the scientific sceptic, but with a singular intensity of romantic and poetic faith, sought to burn away these ancient obstructive growths, so inimical and injurious to all true awareness of beauty and of life, and to

human freedom, human dignity, and human joy. Such an endeavour, to such an end, is not, and never has been, commendable to the general mind.

Of love, that emotion animal yet god-like, that high spiritual and romantic exaltation fused with its first cause, with procreative lust, "the bounty of God," Llewelyn wrote with poetic ardour, with carnal ecstasy, never with pretence or with reserve. He came nearer to complete achievement of a record and celebration of love in *Love and Death* than he ever had before; and in this book, too, he communicates with his clearest definition and his most moving eloquence the special sensitiveness and discrimination of his response to Nature. Intuitive recognition of the kinsmen's alliance between Love and Nature impresses all his books, but in this last one he reveals more surely still, and with still wider reaches of imagination, the integration of the usages of Nature with the usages of Love. He knows the deep complicity between the two, knows that in the one there is experience of the other, the issues from each being the same for us, with the same irradiations, the same transmuting loveliness and pacifying fulfilment, the same life. Love in cities always seemed to Llewelyn unable to realize all its beauty or to put forth all its strength. Cut off there, it must be, he felt, of necessity somewhat tarnished, somewhat deprived. The association of love-making with town and city gatherings of young people, with dance-halls and cinemas, with the artificial stimulus of drink, vexed and even shocked him. He had a natural impulse of antipathy to sexual vice, especially in its modern guise; and he was revolted hardly less by the gross and brutal lusts of decadent Roman antiquity. But he had none of the usual sentimentalisms about the erotic wishes of the body and their satisfaction. Not only did he not avert his gaze from the physical expressions of love or lust, he made full account of them, he knew well the values of their assuagements and their joys, knew that, though these are changed when desire exists apart from romantic love, they are not contaminated or destroyed, and that even in complete isolation from romantic attachment, they can have, and do have often, poetry and noble exaltation. They stay with Nature, even so: to condemn and reject the making of love by a man or woman not "in love" was, to Llewelyn, the pedantry of a fool. And no less foolish did it seem to him to ignore the realities of Nature in unions

between true lovers who, charged though they may be by whatever intensities of poetic passion, will none the less, if they are wise and honest, cherish and adore the natural means of that union which consummates and makes enduring their cherishing and their adoration of each other.

Love is the most important thing in Llewelyn Powys' books, because experience of the senses was to him the most important thing for man or woman, and sensual experience in love is the most intense and the most creative. The word "sensuality" has been limited and degraded to signify a dull indulgence of flesh bound to the service of fleshly functions and staying imprisoned in the dark of solely physical appetites. The true sensuality that was Llewelyn's controlling impulse is the sensuality known long ago to the wise, and extolled by them. "Sensuality is the measure of a man's virtue," Llewelyn quotes: and he quotes Stendhal's words, "Sans passion il n'y a pas de vertu," and the old French saying, "Bon animal, bon homme." The good writer, no less than the good man, must be a good animal. If he is not, his writing will run thin, it will be tainted by falsity and shame and fear.

Llewelyn Powys saw death, as he saw love, with his naked eye.

It was, of course, the very intensity of his love of life that caused his continual preoccupation with death. The one was bound up with the other. The surpassing sweetness and strangeness of the earth, of earth-life uncorrupted, of all that is revealed by our visions and sensations as human beings, all that we can take to ourselves from Nature and from our affections and from the arts—never could Llewelyn forget that all this, all beauty and joy, must be snatched from us, as he thought, for ever by unreprieving death. "This young and beautiful girl," he writes in an unpublished note, "only a few days ago so full of fantasies and hopes and so present in the vivid flesh, now lies in her shroud in the lonely churchyard—and so it may happen to L. or to me in a week, in a month, in a year!" It is significant that his only consolation against death was in the reflection that life could not mean so much to us, could not be so precious, if death were not sure so soon to end it, without any amends. If he had felt otherwise about death, Llewelyn could not have loved life after his own fashion.

He sometimes seemed impatient and resentful of argument

for "survival," and, I thought, disposed to reject, with hardly a glance, evidence that might seem to point to it or at least to some shadow of it; disposed to dismiss as nonsensical trifling any talk about contemporary psychic investigation, about telepathy or "the psychic factor," or about anything at all likely to challenge the materialistic thesis. His brother T. F. Powys assured me that it was "dangerous" to talk like this with Llewelyn: "it makes him angry." Sometimes I have wondered if he had an unconscious fear that any change in his vision of death would compel a change disturbingly basic in himself, in his vision of everything in life. Was that why he was always so unshakeably loyal to his great rejection? Did he, profoundly, wish not to accept? "Can you really think," he once said to me, "that I would not believe in any continuance of my life, if I possibly could?"

The only hint of intimation of immortality that I ever had from him, and that a slight enough one, to which he himself, it may be, paid little heed, was in the last letter he wrote me, two or three weeks before his death. He wrote at five o'clock in the morning, having just waked from a curious dream. After describing it he relates how, at the end of the dream, he was in a churchyard, "and stood looking at an enormously tall fir tree, which I judged to be twice the height of the tower. Its huge trunk, almost naked of branches, rose dizzily into the heavens. In my heart were vague misgivings as to man's mortality."

In his last essay for a periodical, published in the *Adelphi* of December, 1939, the month in which he died, he once again affirms his alliance with life and his corresponding enmity to death. "Not at any time in my life," he writes, "have I felt the least envy to be 'free amongst the dead.' Always I would prefer the scurviest sort of existence . . . to this cursed future lodging 'where thunderclap was never heard'." But in this essay it is the third of Llewelyn's ruling preoccupations, his passion for Nature, that chiefly appears, for his theme is the "Green Corners of Dorset." He writes, as in his *Dorset Essays*, in his *Somerset Essays*, and in so many of his other books, with the same devoted and enamoured observation, the same happy excitement and wonder, of ravens' nests, of peacock butterflies, of salty samphire plants, of celandines shining like golden guineas in ditches, of sheep-washing pools and sequestered field ponds



and mossy sparrow-tunnelled thatch, of stonechats perched on prickly sun-yellow gorse bushes, of the moon on the sea cliffs, and the foxes prowling in the twilight against the skyline when Weymouth Bay is lashed to fury. "The ferns are never false." In this time of war he could take from Nature reassurance, knowing that "long after the fighting is over there will remain lovely rural seascape sanctuaries to strengthen the spirits of our children. Though the sons of destruction have darkened life to the point of despair, yet each spring the sea thrift will flower and flourish." "The natural pleasures of natural existence will outlast all man's ingenuity, all man's vanity and violence, and all man's wickedness. We have not risen out of the dust to live forever in the Devil's mouth."

Ascetics and the orthodox, to whom the hedonism and the paganism of Llewelyn Powys are alien enemies, will find in the expressions of his love and perception of Nature something that they cannot without loss reject: a testament manifold and enduring, made from the earth's life. As Nature's lover, as a being of "impassioned clay," with the heightened sensitiveness of genius, he has stored beauty rich as earth and "wisdom simple as sunshine." There are few gifts more precious than these, and none that may so well defend us.

## THE WRITTEN WORD—IN DANGER!

*By M. Rhys*

Homer: "But the words so stirred the heart of Achilles that he wept . . . .  
and Priam wept."

**T**HE clarion-call from the Horn is blasted to the four corners of the wide world: "Is it Peace?" The answer returns, clear and cold as a bugle-cry: "It is War!"

Death is treading swiftly upon the heels of Life. Before death-grinning mouths the banners of battle are unfurled, flame, and fade; the thunders of war roll down the wind.

Yet, in War and Peace alike, the hunger for beauty is omnipresent. Only the unimaginative among men can ban and bar books as hopelessly unimportant in crises. The Army of Books forms an international defence; it bolsters national morale; it stimulates the whole world mentally and spiritually in periods of strain, stress, and struggle. When War colours with black the minds of many a man, then Books mirror the whiteness of Eternity. Nowhere does the many-hued rainbow of Eternal light shine in varied reflections, if not in the vital works of Art and Literature.

Thought is the *elixir vitae*, not dulled to pointless dreams, nor fined down to aesthetic experiments, nor dimmed in a fine hell-broth stirred by spears. Artists, as ever, brush from their ears the humming of missiles that herald current events. Artistic feeling and execution must go on in the face of the Future. Artistic aims must progress, without a thought of ephemeral gain—even though there is unquestionable gain to the mentality and morale of the Generality from a contemplation of undying creative works by dying man. The novels of Jane Austen reflect nothing of the French Revolution or of the Great Napoleon. She tuned upon the harp of Good King Alfred. Of such is the heritage of heroism of creative writers.

In prose the Generality is now marching to a new *tempo*. With a rush like that of a midsummer thunderstorm the ragtime of War roars along with the jazz of To-day—that wild abandonment of blatant sound, that bedlam generated by a sextet of grinning apes, that behind-the-scenes bouncing up and down of barnyard animals, and trouncing of tin-kettles to a tuppence ha'penny tune of eat-it-if-you-can, money, money—hurry, hurry!

Jazz stirs in swing-time those age-old instincts which respond to the boom-boom of drums and to the bugle-call of blood, as hairy savages of all colours and climes react to the tom-tom and the witch-chief's Arra-wharra-who! The groans of the trombone recall bygone cannibal feasts, and human sacrifices at sunrise upon Stonehenge; the moans of the saxophone revive moon-silvered nights, when sharks were speared, and monkeys routed from their roosts for coconuts; the twang-twang of the banjo-uke wakes up the feet, which toddle to the fiddle's squeaks and the banjo's shrieks. Heads hang heavily, nid-nodding, mamble-mumble; and all senses are numbed and stunned by the cacophonous din.

The characteristic accompaniments of this body-music, this foot and stomach excitation, are selfish materialism and mediocrity of mind, *carpe-diem* coin-chasing and carelessness of consequences, and wholesale reckless devotion to careers bereft of thought. Unhappily, jazz is not confined to mind-stupefying pleasure-resorts, but rears its serpent head in all departments of human activity. Commerce, Politics, Religion, Economics, Art, Literature, and a hundred others, keep time to its debasing, wriggling snake-dance. To Book-lovers, naturally, the intrusion of this slippery saurian reptile into the domain of Letters is the unkindest cut of all.

To the brazen-mouthed Lord of Jazz do we owe our thanks for the blessing that the prose of to-day is primarily a Literature of Noise, and that our Hierarchy of Letters is officered by arch-bedlamites, who think it necessary to bellow their pronouncements like Bulls of Bashan. Is this noisy blessing at all wonderful when two prominent characteristics of modern life chance to be vulgarity and stupidity? For the vulgar and stupid are always noisy. At the rowdy gatherings of modern peoples can be observed the deteriorating effect of body-music upon modern speech—those inharmonious accents, those hideous flats and sharps, those refinements which clip sonorous vocables, as of tone-deaf persons. The General Public is so intent upon its pleasure-making and its money-making, mundane pomp and insolent animalism, that it has no ear for its own consonantal and vocalic cacophonies.

This deterioration in spoken is re-echoed in written prose. Like poetry, prose is quasi-musical matter. Just as poets have their own particular patterns and weaves of song, so prose writers of acknowledged feeling for beauty have their own peculiar rhythms and cadences; whether the harmony of sound be similar to that of Edward German's country dances, or Hungarian Dvorak's bridal processions, or an Irish Rhapsody. In these days, even enthusiasts can hardly say that the sense of rhythm flourishes. Modern prose is doing its best to kill measured and balanced movement by a monotonous series of short, chopped, clipped sentences, whose only approach to cadence is the negroish clop-clop of the jazz band. Dislocated are the links out of which the chain of beauty is wrought. Upon the scrap-heap are thrown the secrets of art painfully acquired throughout the ages by master-craftsmen.

Books there are, styled literary biographies, the authors of which

are academes who choose to comment upon poets of Beauty, like Keats, Rossetti and Yeats. Should pages of such rhythmless, scandalously short-muscled prose, rivalling a rat-tat-tat-gasp be printed at all is a moot question; but when in print it should meet due notice. No man who, like Sinclair Lewis in *Main Street*, hacks his Mother Tongue in pieces sma', should be let off scot-free, whatever the goodness of the meat. To extremists, like James Joyce and Gertrude Stein, it is permitted, at least, to cry, like the snail in Lewis Carroll: "Too far! Too far!"\*

Alas! How far is such brutal, butchering prose from the melody of tone that throbs and quivers in Pater, in the sadly old-fashioned solemn cantilena of the Taylorian religious style, in those dulcet phrases of Landor, which are like cascades falling with the green curve of time. Gone, gone are the linked sentences of De Quincey and Ruskin, which prelude softly, delicately whispering like the dawn as it steals with bright eyes of dew upon the world. Are we to have no more of these ancient gardens of enchantment with pleached alleys of beam and box and secluded pleasancess? No shade, no shelter can be caught under the sparse foliage of the etiolated palms and sickly exotics of many present writers of prose. They are so fearful of not being heard that they omit all lulling nursery rhyme tactics, but shake the reader violently by the shoulder and boom into his ear through a megaphone.

This prose of mere sound and fury voices in great measure the rampant individualism of the twentieth century. Of the past are the virtues of Christian modesty and humility; of the past are the Pagan qualities of restraint and calm, that store of deep, soft quietude which immortals know how to appreciate and mortals know not how to enjoy. Of the past is the radiant, winged sense of wonder of the Renaissance—superseded, one and all, by the exalting of every petty egoist. In former centuries man was content to consider himself a mere cog in the great wheel of the Universe; in this twentieth century each man thinks his puny self the pivot on which the Universe revolves. Gritting his teeth, the tiny elf hangs on for dear life. Every miserable little

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\* *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* :—" But the snail replied, " Too Far, Too Far ! " and gave a look askance—  
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance."



mortal aggressively toots his penny tin-trumpet for all to hear. Oh ! that the air were full of the wing-claps and hoof-beats of Pegasus !

Along with elemental men's delight in noise goes a love of crude colours ; hence in the prose of the Jazz era all the colours of the harlequin clash in barbaric discord. No longer do paragraphs give pleasure by their harmonies of line and play of tint melting in a blaze of softened lustre. In their stead are spasmodic clauses, gasping and ungraceful periods ; no longer do sentences flicker and spire like flames, peacock shades, sea-greens, sea-blues ; in lieu thereof are sentences heightened by flakes of fiery red, blots of Prussian blue, thick impastos of chrome yellow. Words, which like lizards change colour according to position, are laid down in rows of hard little lobster-hued bricks.

The primitive appeal of cave-dwelling days is expressed in oppressive and tragic blacks, colour of death, or in violent and exciting reds, colour of blood. There is no restraint of shade, no reserve of tone, no veiling of atmosphere ; all forget that the touch of spring upon the sense is never so strong as at that short heralding period of the year before it gives vision to the eye. Modern writing, with notable exceptions, as in the prose of Virginia Woolf, Charles Morgan, *et al.*, is written in the key of red. There is no sense of mystery, of vague suggestion and subtle intimation, no magical mists. No Circe in seclusion brews enchantments for the soul. All is stripped bare of beauty with a shrieking familiarity, and is blared forth in ugly diminutives and staring capitals.

Bad as is the bloody havoc which this advertising mania works with the language, still worse is the injurious influence which is exerted upon prose by those who write to the scranny, skraeling pipes of Hurry-Scurry-Skedaddle. In their haste they must snatch at the first stereotyped word—no time *pour chercher le mot unique*—they must clutch at the cut-and-dried phrase, the commonplace expression, the current conventionality, the thin idea, clothed in linguistic laxness. Journalism must at any cost be speedy, and speed is incompatible with style. Rapid writing makes rotten reading. Under the yoke of Journalism, in an age of Journalese and Jargonese, with journalists acting as presidents, politicians, publishers, proprietors, principals of Bumble-Busy-Boards, as anything but authors, taste is deteriorating and style is disappearing. Prose has a verbal architecture of its own : it

builds its own Taj Mahals. But for the yearning charms of arches, the aspiring graces of pinnacles, the ritualistic sense of form, is needed Time, Time, and yet again Time. The morality of style goes deeper than dull fools suppose ; its laws are those of the Medes and Persians ; toilsome thoughts, rigorous forms, scholarship, not scamping.

In this era of Hurry, the gospel of our duty towards our minds has become old-fashioned and forgotten. In these days of rapidity of production and smattering of education, the Masters-Public, and more particularly that part which is entitled the Growing Generation, have lost the faculty of concentration upon the things of the mind, and can no longer comprehend *Magna Opera*. Brief forms of letters and life, works of small compass only are tolerated. In childhood, their brain-energies are scattered by the conflict of social interests in the class-room itself, and dissipated by the multiplicity of subjects, with none of which does the school schedule permit them more than a passing acquaintance and a temporary dalliance. The Short-Story, then, and the One-Act Play are manifestly the result of the artist's attempt to produce fictional pabulum and mental pemmican of a length and depth suited to a flitting butterfly-minded public. These feather-weights of reading contestants dip into books of impermanency, and skip books of permanency ; they jazz through books of the hour, and skittering skittishly do not even flick the pages of books of all time. Since Art is an attempt to wrest the permanent out of the impermanent, the intransitory out of the transitory, necessarily, therefore, in response to an ephemeral-minded public we have a Literature of Ephemerae.

In this race for speed *homunculi* fling down *en masse* the gains of the ages. Not only are the faculties of men scattered in speeding after material, not intellectual, gleanings, but also the calibre of their minds is lowered. Just as the journalist is driven to diffuseness and commonplaces, so the Generality is rushed into mediocrity and osmosis. These sordid souls shed banality as a cuttlefish sheds ink ; the mental atmosphere is murky with the efflux. Thoughts are hidden in a fog-belt as yellow as the wrappings of Egyptian mummies. Thinking, in any case, is dwarfed by action, and plays but a modest part in life. If we lose our literature of thought ; if men are no longer tireless in the saddle of intellectual adventure ; if their brains suffer malnutrition from

sucking up diluted mental pap ; if mediocre minds have no conception of the austerity of intellectual effort ; if they do not comprehend that Literature is an Art exercised by skilled craftsmen, and that appreciation of their artistry can only be earned by an arduous apprenticeship, is it any wonder that to-day the generality of the people have no literary discrimination ? Is it any wonder that these mentally lazy ones have even lost the power of *reading* (supererogatory to the mere performance of the act with the visual organs), that to-day a roar as of a bull of Bashan and the ring of acclamations betoken the prophet, that all men do the high behest of the puissant Saint Stultitia ? There are writers a-plenty, but little that they write is literature. Oh ! for a Homeric laugh that might bring the roof of the world down !

Modern writers, then, are caught fast in the widespreading quicksands of mediocrity. The rule of democracy has exercised its terrible levelling effect—downwards. Tunnelling upwards to the light and air may follow, if all men do not metamorphose into moles in the process. Elementary education and rudimentary cultivation have been scattered broadcast, and we reap the harvest at a time when all can write illiterate post-cards. In this present stage of thinly varnished barbarism, under the reign of Compulsory Education with Vulgarly enthroned as consort, when culture is cast before morons, choicest wines before undiscerning palates, when dishwashers and duffers blunt the brains of bookmen, has English Prose no cause for alarm ? Will not the thin red line of literature whose slender thread spans the centuries be snapped in this twentieth century of canned food, canned music, and canned magazines ? Is there not grave danger that the Athenian aristocracy of intellect will be swamped in the Boeotian marshes of democracy ? Are there no libraries of Alexandria being destroyed by fire ? Where are the Museums of Warsaw ?

Are dancing days over for the Attic Muses who have danced the ages down ? “*Hic illius arma, hic currus fuit.*” Here are but dreary nothings, drizzling stupidities, froth and fog from Nephelococcygia ! Here dwells sodden Mediocrity, aggressive Mediocrity, snoring Mediocrity, swollen Mediocrity, boorish Mediocrity, boosting Mediocrity. Watchman, watchman, what of the night ? The watchman replies : “The sea-mist of ignorance is rolling in, obliterating old landmarks, and crawling slowly inland

with the air of a blind man feeling his way ; the soil grows dank under its approach, the vast grey mass drives steadily forward, levelling all—it is choking, blinding——”

More printing matter is published now than ever before, yet at no time has there been so little good writing as in these desolate years, which are falling drop by drop into the vase of the twentieth century. The cultivation of style is fast vanishing along with the study of the classics. Writers must climb upon each other's backs, up the greased pole of Letters. No short switchback is ready at hand in compendiums of Composition upon How to Write. Doubtless, worthy works are being written for use. The mediocre are shortsightedly utilitarian. Modern plebeian prose, indeed, suffers much from the very fact that it is written for destructive utility and not for constructive beauty, as in the historic case of “*Mein Kampf*.” Ungraced fictional prose meets the demand for the misadventures, the hazards, the excitements that “kill time.” Time, however, is a tough old bird, warranted a very Phoenix.

Can readers of prose for utilitarian purposes turn to poetry to satisfy what aesthetic senses they possess? True, there swarms an innumerable multitude of poets, whose little drops of song, encased in small, meagre song-books and scanty doggerel rimes, dribble continuously from the press. The deep-seated trouble with the poetics of the century is that they are anaemic, pale, emaciated imitations of flesh and blood. Our poetasters have a petty and pallid taste in art and letters ; our slight poetesses are obsequious weeping willows, with faces drawn out long like concertinas, pensive females of the daffydowndilly variety. Some of these poets contort their verse freakishly, a pretty conceit. Is not outward eccentricity the full-blown blossom of mediocrity? Methinks, they do protest too much. Modern poetry, with the rare exception, to which meed and honour be given *cum laude*, is a shrill, batlike squeaking ; it has the thin twang and tinny, nasal whine of guitars and mandolines ; it is shapeless and formless like something that the tide turns up. Oh ! for the ring and weight as of bronze coins in fount, and the lost secret of splendour !

A Literature of Ephemerae must necessarily be emotional, for man's emotions are more easily stirred than his intelligence. Therefore we have books, whose only aim is to quicken the pulse and tug at the senses. What counts is the “heart interest,” a bow-and-string tension ; and the execution is a minor matter.



Those who seek in light literature an escape from themselves are thus thrown back upon their own mediocre and materialistic selves. These writers of fiction are a company of night-jars churring their hoarse love-songs in the thickening dusk. They strike the same dubious and delusive notes that are repeated *à l'ennui* in the moving-picture houses, upon the Flicks. Most are twaddling, twanging players of but two notes—*Mors* and *Eros*. The best of these books are like handsome women, who merely bring their bodies on the stage; the worst have an atmosphere which is hot as a furnace blast, poisonous with the fumes of gas, the smell of bad tobacco, the heavy scents of musk and alcohol, and reek of humanity. Tawdry minds prefer crude, red-blooded writers, who sing the sagas of raw life in potent, if imperfect, song.

To-day the fight is on against Mediocrity. We peer into a veritable abyss of stuffy superficiality, an utter void of airless burrowings; we blanch before sheer cheek and bumptious dicacity, backed by no knowledge at all—nay, not so much as a penn'orth of clairvoyance. To such a pass have we come that we live in a day and age when a popular book or magazine must be anything and everything but "literature." Any painting that is not a hideous caricature in a style of drawing that would have dazzled the cave-man, is "high-toned"! Any poem that is high-flying, high-minded, and highly wrought, is too high-sounding *ad captandum vulgus*. Any high-mettled play that aims at artistic unity, and in an age of sensation is content with one climax instead of a round dozen is "high-brow." Any book that demands concentration and imagination from its reader is "high-falutin'". This highly-tighty high-hat of a word is a damning coinage of the Levellers, masses desirous of pulling everything down to their own low level of workmanship. They are despisers of what is beyond their own limited comprehension. These Hittites and Perizzites, these "Highbrowites" are willing only to read or to hear dialogue composed of incorrect English, the inarticulate, dumb uglinesses of five-hundred-word vocabulary speech defectives. These are the Pietro Aretinos who the ages through throw their perishable mud at Michael Angelos!

High time is it that readers and book-lovers the world over, who do not suffer the mediocre gladly, should join the Grand Army of Kickers-Down of Untruths. The weather of the world

of literature is cold, cheerless ; the sky sprawls above, a comfortless, monotonous blank ; it is as if we were slipping back into the Dark Ages. Such literary weather would raise a revolution among the devils in hell. The contented sit still on their haunches, and, oscitating, do drowsy nothings ; the benefactors of the world are the divine discontented. I raise the paeon to our unknown benefactors, to the disgruntled, to the thin, worrying, exasperated temperaments that make the world move on, and the wheels of the world move round. Let Mediocrity on bended knees thank its God that Swift lived in the past ! What a fertile subject our twentieth century civilization would offer to the mind that gave birth to " Gulliver's Travels "—a civilization in which our professors look like business men, successfully potted, and our men of letters like clerks, white-collared, starchy ! Our scholars have become the Palmers of the Modern World, hedge-pilgrims who travel their ways, shaking their cockle-shells and brandishing the relics of education wherever they may, and the charitable proffer alms and private endowment.

What canker then is gnawing at the root ? Money, saith the Prophet, is the root of all evil. Nothing to-day stinks worse than poverty, so that all men fly from it, as from a pestilence, and grab at each other's goods. Mars, Plutus, and Demos are the reigning gods. In our Hades, that might easily be an Elysium, writing has become a trade instead of an art—a money-making business. Writers do their daily quota like horses at a cider-press ; they go round and round with their eyes bandaged to knowledge and to beauty. When a man can obtain much money by writing in a few weeks a book devoid of style or grace or scholarship, why should he spend years on the production of permanent literature that does not pay, and live in a garret with the wolf sitting upon the door-mat ? Is he, alone and solitary, to pick up the gold and silver of Tom Tiddler's ground of the mind, common to all earners, fairy-gold that does not stultify the imagination, impoverish the emotions, shrivel spiritual curiosity ? The modern, myopic commercialized writer is always thinking, always dreaming of money, glittering heaps of red-gold, stacks of dull grey silver. He lives in visions of wealth ; he eats, drinks, and sleeps in terms of pounds, shillings, pence. Cent per cent is engraved deep in every line of his countenance. His portrait in the National Gallery is that of a satisfied shopkeeper.

The modern ambitious young painter, *pressé d'arriver*, no longer aspires after faultless figure or original shade ; through every splash of colour he daubs freshly on his canvas gleams the golden lustre, looms the sad olive tint of coined metal. Where is the Golden Bough of Aeneas ? Whistler proclaimed that it is better to live on bread and cheese and paint beautiful pictures than to live like Dives and to paint pot-boilers. But what is Whistler to makers who work with one eye watching their bank account, and who are growing round and bloated with prosperity like harvest moons ? Once their money is made, these creators squander the slippery lucre in motoring from place to place, in losing shape and figure after parting with the brain. Authors, like artists, have become clerks with calflike casts of countenance, men in the bread-and-butter line, who write for their supper and a warm bed, while Art and Letters lie on the rocks like sick old sheep.

Are there to-day no seers of visions, no seventh sons, no climbers of Mount Sinai ? Israel Zangwill, a second Moses, has imbued the United States of America with the idea that the Melting Pot can make gold out of a fusion of junked copper, brass, lead, Bessemer\* steel, and bastard metals. There is, however, slag in the "Crucible of God." A materialistic civilization must be ever a civilization in process of deterioration, if it is founded upon a love of gold. The philosophers' stone can transmute much, but not baser metals to pure gold. Thanks to this widespread crude lust after material possessions we exist at a joyless time when the majority of publications, English and American, are nothing but the expression of commercialized vulgarity. As the sameness of thoughts and aspirations produce the same lines on the human countenance, so the sameness of mental outlook produces an unchanging inanity in the books and magazines of to-day. Their features are huddled in a vacant, set expression ; their point of view is so uniform that they might all be issuing from the jaws of the same mechanical contrivance ; their treatment is so unvarying that they might all have been stamped by the same press. Out of the books published in one month, rarely does one man's writing differ from another. Indistinguishable, like the chink of coin from a literary automat, clanks the verbal chain-shot of polyphonic cacophony.

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\* Sir Henry Bessemer invented a process of making steel. A monument to him stands in Washington Square, New York.

The free expression of beauty, of *fairship*, is impeded, and specialized knowledge in all fields is hampered by the ignorance of the Generality. So blind is the public to the arts and graces of literature proper that men of letters, say rather the clerks of the press, have ceased to write aught that may be entitled literature. So marked is this cessation of pure literature, and this output of commercialized writing, that the change may be denominated a decay. Such a *rara avis* has become the conscientious stickler for manner as apart from matter, that style may be said to be in the same state that London is during war-time—with its monuments hidden by sandbags, the sides of buildings torn out, and Cleopatra's Needle scarred by aerial bombs—that darkened night-life of London, with darkened street, darkened shop windows, lightless vehicles, and libraries, those museums of the mind, shut to all comers. In these darkened times, a new book throws a haze over itself, and looms up like a green woodpecker in a fog, of much greater size than it really is. So we behold a veritable dance of dead clouds. The Valkyries race through the leaden skies, skirling madly, jazzing wildly. Belles-Lettres, sleeping baby beauty, is being strangled in its cradle by the Levellers, as once before in the days of that Dark Man, Oliver Cromwell.

## MARY ANNE

*By Elizabeth Milne*

MARY ANNE moved a foot cautiously in the wide bed by the fireplace. She was cold. The black pot on the hearth, with its rim of potato skins and the few pieces of smoking turf brought a vague shadow to her face. She moved restlessly and her toes caught in the torn mattress. She must get up. But her fat body lay inert among the odds and ends of coats and blanket that covered the bed. The rain was gray on the window and big drops struck impatiently on the smouldering turf.

Outside there was the harsh cry of the geese and the moody clucking of the red hen. Hughie's thin voice called without ceasing: "I'll tell ma. I'll tell ma." Sean must be on the wee



roof again. Let his da beat him. She was tired . . . and anyway. Mary Anne closed her eyes for a minute. She minded the time when Big Hughie had brought her over from Clooney, five miles away to here. It was a nice town, with the trees round it, and everybody with full and plenty when her father was alive. It was changed times now. It was well the other two wee boys had died on them, for they had enough to do, the dear knows, to feed the two they had. Though, praise be, they had something put past them.

She put up a sunburnt hand and scratched her head. Her face was dirty and streaked with sweat, but it was still handsome, especially now when she smiled.

The sound of the cackling geese, the squabbling children out beyond, the slow clop, clop of the horse's hoofs, and the rattle of the cart wheels turning as Paddy's Mickey went down the road, all swam in a pleasant slumbrous haze as she lay looking up with widely opened eyes at the soot-blackened rafters, and dreaming of America. America, where they were all going some day when the packet of money she had put away under the hearth stone had mounted up.

Her eyes were round and fixed and unseeing of what was above her head. She was minding what Paddy's Nelly had told her. Paddy's Nelly looked grand that summer she was home, just as good as Miss O'Mahoney from the Big House. Her looking just like a lady, and wearing a hat and gloves all the time nearly, and a gold watch on her arm. That was a great night Nelly stood them all in her father's, with bought cake and tea and a drop of drink as well. Mary Anne's lips curved reminiscently in a smile as she remembered it. And they had sat up drinking tea, with something stronger for the men, and eating as much white bread as they could till the morning.

It was grand listening to Nelly talking. There was houses fifty times as high as O'Donnel's two-storey slated house. The Big House itself was nothing in comparison to the house Nelly worked in, with electric light you just put up your hand till and it was on, and water that was hot every time you turned on the tap in the scullery. It was a queer difference between that and carrying every drop of water you needed from the well at the top of the hill. And to think of it, mind you, in some of the shops

they had stairs that moved up to the top storey instead of you having to walk on your own feet, and even the floor would move that way too.

Mary Anne lay dreamily thinking over these glories. She liked best of all what Nelly had told them about the one big fire in the middle of the house down below that you never saw, and that a hired man kept going all the winter, so that the whole house was warm without you having to bother yourself. There was a queer difference between that and having to get up in the morning and get the turf going, and your teeth chattering before you could get yourself a cup of tea—if you had any in the house. It wasn't always full and plenty here the way it was over there.

She heaved a deep sigh, and tried to gather her will power for the effort of getting up. She turned on her left side, the chaff mattress rustling as she did so. She yawned with a deep ha-ha-ha-ing in a descending scale of sound. She doubled her knees up, and gathered her body into a lump to try and get some warmth into herself.

Wee Hughie ran in crying and went up to the chimney corner beside the bed. He stood wailing.

"Sean hit me."

"And what were ye doin'?" asked Mary Anne angrily.

Leaning out of the bed with a sudden lunge that caught him unawares, she hit him on the side of the head. He roared with the pain of it, wiping his eyes and nose on the ragged sleeve of his coat.

"And what were ye throwin' stones for?" she asked fiercely. "I tould ye not to throw stones or I'd beat ye, mind, I tould ye. Away now," she shouted, reaching for her skirt that was lying on the end of the bed, "away now before I get me hands on ye."

He fled out of the door. Mary Anne dragged her skirt up the bed towards her, and getting up, drew the skirt up round her waist, fastening it with a big safety pin. She shivered as she went over to the fireplace. She lifted the short black tongs, and made a hole for the tin skillet, with the tea in it. She settled the skillet in the hole, and kneeling down blew under it, till there was a bit of a glow. God knows, it would be a time and a half before it boiled on that heat. She thought moodily of the kitchen Nelly told her about where she worked in Philadelphia. You pressed a button and the stove was going, and everything boiling up in no time.

Mary Anne rose stiffly from her knees, and dragged a creepy stool up to the fireplace. She took a woollen gansey off the bed and sitting down on the stool, pulled the gansey over her head. She crouched down, looking discontentedly through the narrow door at the muddy patch before the opening. Big Hughie was away down at the shore carting wrack for the O'Mahoneys. She'd have to be away down herself to look for that hen that was clocking away from the house somewhere. She wondered what direction it would be. She'd take the two wee boys with her. Sean had some sense. He should soon be earnin' now, if there was anyone he could work till. If it was in America it would be different. They would all be in jobs, and wee Hughie would be getting a gentleman's education for nothing. There was nothing to keep ye back there, Nelly said, if you kept your nose away from the bottle. That was one good thing about Big Hughie. He wasn't fond of the drink, tho' he could always pass himself. She swallowed her spittle and found difficulty in doing so. She shivered and crouched a bit nearer the fire. Her throat was that sore since yesterday evening. Maybe she'd better go down to the Dispensary and get the doctor to give her a bottle.

"How are ye doin'?" said a loud, hearty voice.

Mary Anne replied, "I'm doin' fine," without looking round, for she knew her visitor was the Widow McDaid from down the lane.

"I thought I'd just step in a minnit," continued the widow, moving over the doorstep and into the kitchen.

"Ay, come on in surely," answered Mary Anne. Her throat was paining her a lot more now than before.

The Widow McDaid came up to the hearthstone and asked.

"Are ye only up?"

"Ay. I'm not too well the day."

The widow looked pleased. She was a big, strapping red-faced woman who gloried in bad news. The loss of a man's cow, the illness of a neighbour's child, or tidings of death gave her great pleasure as bearing such tidings she would lumber from the Post Office to the shop, and from the shop to the bench outside the Dispensary, and then round the village, until everybody knew the latest disaster.

"What ails ye?" she asked brightly. Mary Anne knew the other had something to impart.

"My throat's sore," she answered.

"Fancy," said the widow, licking her upper lip with her tongue. "How did it start?"

"Och, I dunno, I just wakened up with it yesterday."

"Ye don't say. It might be serious."

"Och no," said Mary Anne defiantly, feeling she must try to ward off bad luck. "It's only a wee thing."

"Many a big thing has started in a wee thing. Mary Anne, dear, ye shouldn't let it run on."

"Och naw, naw, I won't," the other woman said hastily. She felt much worse since the widow had come in.

"Ay, indeed. Ye never know, as I was just sayin' to myself, coming down the road. We're here to-day and away the morrow, and it isn't always the wans that looks the best lasts the longest."

"That's so," said Mary Anne despondently.

"But have ye heard the latest?" asked the widow triumphantly. "Ye would never guess, and it just bears out what I was saying. Ye know Sarah Curran up at the Moss Rock?"

"Ay."

"She's dead."

"Dead?"

"Dead, and laid out. I'm just comin' away from the house."

"But I seen her last Thursday."

"Ye'll be one of the last ever seen her livin'," said the widow impressively. "That's what I say, ye shouldn't let it run on, for she was took just like you. She had a bit of a sore throat. First she couldn't swallow her spittle when she tried. Like that, ye know," the widow swallowed slowly. "Then she felt herself gettin' worse, but she niver took no heed, and then two days afterwards her throat closed up like the way ye'd close your two fists." Again a demonstration gave point to her words. "And then Mickey sent wan of the weans for the doctor, and when the doctor come, says he, 'How long has she been like this,' and then he cursed like a trooper and, says he 'ye should have sent for me at wanst,' and says he, 'shure it's too late now, but I'll make a try,' and he went down hot foot till the Dispensary and come back with something he put intil her throat just at the side here, I couldn't rightly tell ye, but it was no use. A fine young woman, and her lying just the two days, God rest her soul," said the widow, genially mournful. "She was a fine young woman. And I was saying



how will her man do at all and him with a rising young family, and as I say, Mary Anne dear, ye're not looking too well yerself. Ye should take care of yerself, but I must be goin'." She swung out into the yard in a flood of talk. "But I wouldn't worry if I was you, for the dear knows, it's all just takin' these things in time . . ."

Mary Anne had not been listening much after the awful news of Sarah's death. Less than a week ago she had been speaking to her. No sign of death then. She crossed herself. Maybe it was a judgment on Sarah though, she was always wanting to leave Connmore for America, and she had left it now, God help her, only not the way she wanted.

Her throat nipped her again as she sighed and swallowed. She'd be better maybe if she took a wee sup of water. She went over to the dresser for a bowl to get a drink. As she did so her eyes lit on her one proud possession—the lovely tea-set with the pink flowers on it that her sister Cassie had left behind when her and her husband went to Boston five years ago. It had been a wedding present to her from Miss O'Mahoney at the Big House, and then when she was going away she had to leave it behind.

Mary Anne reaching clumsily for her bowl, knocked a cup to the edge of the dresser shelf. It rolled down to the top of the cupboard and falling on to the floor was smashed.

That was the first breakage there had been in the set. Wouldn't Cassie be vexed when she saw it. What on earth would she say? But, dear knows, would she ever live to see her sister again. Cassie wouldn't be back for five years, and where would she be then?

The pain in her throat was getting worse. It was getting harder to swallow every minnit. Wasn't that the way Sarah Curran went? She was scared when she remembered the widow's description of Sarah's being sick. First she couldn't swallow. Then her throat closed up.

Mary Anne put her hand up to her throat as she dully prodded at the broken china with one bare foot. Like enough the Widow McDaid would have her eye on Big Hughie, for she was always on the look-out. She minded no further away than last Wednesday the widow having a long talk with Big Hughie at the end of the lane. He told her it was about a sick goat. Maybe

it was, but men were that easy taken in ! And wee Hughie and Sean ! She'd never be good to them.

In sudden panic Mary Anne tottered to the door and called to them. They thought it was for a piece and came running. They were frightened when she caught first wee Hughie, and then Sean, and hugged then fiercely, telling them they were her good wee sons.

"Can we have a piece, ma ? " they urged. She took them inside. She would give them the best piece in the house, with sugar on it.

They went out to the road with their pieces. They ate hungrily, then ran away in the direction of the shore. Mary Anne leant against the jamb of the door, staring as if she could never see enough of the few cottages, and the black mountain rising up behind the fields. Even to the red hen she called gently, though her voice was hoarse with the soreness of her throat.

The rain ceased, and in the clear air a bird called. The sky over the mountain was blue, like the Virgin's cloak. It might be Sunday morning before Chapel. Mary Anne expected to hear the bell.

"God forgive me," she whispered to herself. "I dunno whatever tempted me to think of leaving it."

## THE EARL OF KILDARE AND ARCHBISHOP STONE

*By Brian FitzGerald*

IT is not generally realized that Lord Edward FitzGerald's father, James, 20th Earl of Kildare, himself played no inconsiderable part in Irish affairs. In June, 1753, the Earl presented a Memorial to George II in which he set forth the grievances of Ireland and protested against the dictatorial methods of government pursued by the statesman-prelate, Archbishop Stone. The proceedings which led up to, and those which followed, this event, were to have important consequences ; they resulted in the organization of a strong parliamentary opposition,

and, in the opinion of Lecky, paved the way for the great days of Grattan and the various "liberty" movements of the latter years of the century.

In order to understand Kildare's action, it may be well to review briefly the state of Ireland at the time. The country was, outwardly, tranquil. Even in 1745, when England and Scotland were torn by civil war, Ireland remained calm. Economic conditions began to improve; trade increased; and, in 1749, a surplus of over £200,000 appeared in the Irish exchequer.

There were at this time two parties in Ireland: the Court party, which "managed" Ireland in the English interest; and the popular party, representing the Irish element and which sought to strengthen the Dublin Parliament at the expense of Westminster—with little success. The leader of the former was Archbishop George Stone, an Englishman. Born in 1708, the son of a Lombard Street broker, he seems at one time to have thought of entering the army; but he finally took orders, and when the Duke of Dorset came over to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant for the first time in 1731 Stone accompanied him as chaplain. His rise was rapid; by the time he was forty he was Archbishop of Armagh. Thereafter, as Primate and a Lord Justice, he was in effect dictator of Ireland. He lived a life of great splendour in Henrietta Street. "Nothing that I have seen in England," writes a contemporary, "could rival the Polish magnificence of Archbishop Stone." "Pontifical repasts" were prolonged until the early morning, and at these nocturnal feasts it was said that the affairs of state were settled and Government policy shaped.

The popular party formed the Opposition. The Earl of Kildare and Henry Boyle were its leaders. James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare and later 1st Duke of Leinster, had sat in the House of Commons from 1741 until his succession to the earldom in 1744, when he was sworn a Privy Councillor for Ireland. About this time he attended a drawingroom at which both the Prince of Wales and Duke of Cumberland were present, and is described as being "unquestionably the finest of any gentleman there;" his coat was of a light blue silk, embroidered all over with gold and silver, and turned up with white satin. In 1747 he married Lady Emily Lennox. As for Boyle, he was one of the most considerable figures of his day. He had been a Member of Parliament for forty years, and Speaker since 1733.

It has been said already that in 1749 there was a surplus of £200,000 in the Irish exchequer ; and it was the question of the appropriation of this and subsequent surpluses which was the principal bone of contention between the English and the Irish Parliaments in the 1750's. In 1749, the Irish Parliament resolved to appropriate £120,000 of this surplus towards the payment of their national debt ; and a Bill for this purpose was sent over to England. The English authorities, however, maintained that the surplus belonged to the Crown, and that, without the " previous consent " of the King, the Irish Parliament could not even discuss the question. Thus began the great battle over " previous consent."

The unfortunate appointment of the Duke of Dorset as Lord-Lieutenant for the second time in 1751, with his son, Lord George Sackville, as Chief-Secretary, added fuel to the fire ; they favoured Stone and his party from the outset. Their first step was to contrive to establish, by various manoeuvres, the principle of " consent." In opening the session of 1751, Dorset announced that the royal consent had been given to the appropriation of a portion of the surplus to the liquidation of the national debt. The Irish Parliament passed the Bill, but carefully ignored the reference to " previous consent." The Bill was sent to England ; on its return, however, it was observed that an alteration had been made in the preamble, signifying that the royal consent *had* been given. Thus was the principle of consent established by the English Government. The Irish Opposition, weak and ill-organized, did not oppose further ; and passed the Bill in its altered form.

But when the contest was resumed two years later, the unpopularity of the Primate, the Chief-Secretary, and of the Lord-Lieutenant himself, had increased to such a pitch that, after a heated debate, the Opposition succeeded in defeating the Government's Bill upholding the principle of Consent by five votes. In reply, the English authorities dismissed all State officials who had voted with the majority ; Boyle was removed from the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, a post he had held in addition to the Speakership ; and a portion of the surplus was forcibly applied, by royal authority, to the payment of the Debt.

Thus it was that in June, 1753, when Archbishop Stone and Lord George Sackville had arrogated to themselves the entire



government of Ireland, that the Earl of Kildare presented his Memorial to George II, in which he protested—

“ that the Duke of Dorset’s son, Lord George, though in high and lucrative employments already, not satisfied therewith, has restlessly grasped at power, insatiable in his acquisitions. That the Primate, who is now on the pinnacle of honour, connected with the said noble Lord, has made use of his influence to invest himself of temporal power, and like a greedy churchman, affects to be a second Wolsey in the senate. That influences being so predominant, corruption is so formidable, and election so controlled by the mighty power of these two statesmen, your loyal kingdom of Ireland feels the sad effects of it, and dreads the Duumvirate, as much as England did that of the Earl of Strafford and Archbishop Laud.”

The English authorities were highly indignant at the Earl of Kildare’s remonstrance; in Dublin the enthusiasm knew no bounds. So great was Lord Kildare’s popularity that on one occasion he spent an entire hour making his way through the crowd which thronged the roadway between College Green and Kildare House. A thousand bonfires were lighted in the city; and a medal was struck to commemorate the event, showing the Earl, sword in hand, guarding a heap of money on a table from a hand which attempted to grasp it, and with the motto “ ‘ Touch Not,’ says Kildare.” On a later occasion, in February, 1754, the *Whitehall Evening Post* wrote that “ the demonstrations of joy on his lordship’s arrival were such as became a grateful people. . . . His lordship was attended at his house by a splendid and numerous levee, and welcomed by all ranks with such expressions of cordial affection as are the just tribute due to public spirit and true patriotism.”

But feeling ran high. One night there was a meeting at the Tholsel, Dublin, at which the Earl presided. After dinner, patriotic toasts were drunk: “ The Earl of Kildare and Liberty ”; “ May all priests who have the ambition of Wolsey meet with the fate of Laud ”; “ Speedy exportation of rotten Stone duty free ”; etc., etc. In his report of the meeting next day in the *Dublin Journal*, George Faulkner, the celebrated printer, wrote that the

Duke of Dorset's health had been drunk. Lord Kildare was highly indignant; he called upon Faulkner, and demanded angrily that the false paragraph be contradicted, "or he should repent it." Nothing happened. Two days later the Earl again called upon Faulkner; he was out. Kildare asked the servant if his master intended to retract the paragraph. The servant did not know. "I insist upon it," said the Earl, "and if he doth not, let him look to it."

But in spite of Kildare's threat that he would break what bones Faulkner had in his body, the paragraph was not contradicted; neither did the Earl break any of Faulkner's bones. Instead, he contented himself with the publication, in the *Dublin Universal Advertiser*, of a true report of the meeting. Dublin buzzed with excitement over the incident. Some gentlemen went round to Faulkner and asked him what he would have done if Lord Kildare had struck him. He replied he would not receive a blow from any man living without returning it. But he was interrupted by his wife, who, "red as a turkey cock," told the gentlemen that Mr. Faulkner had no business to strike any lord, nor should he do it; that he was greatly frightened and still had a trembling on him; and that she would not suffer anyone to come near him again, but would engage them herself. Faulkner, according to Dr. Barry, spent a considerable time that night with the Duke of Dorset, "in great consternation and terror on many accounts, but determined not to reprint anything to the honour of his Grace."

At first it seemed as if the Earl of Kildare's Memorial had been presented in vain. Things went on as before; nothing was done to alleviate the public discontent. And when, a few months later, Dorset left for England—it was usual at that time for the Lord-Lieutenant to spend only one winter in every two years in Ireland—and the government of the country was placed in the hands of three Lords Justices, it was noted that the Primate's name was included and that of the Speaker carefully omitted from among their number.

Then, in the spring of 1755, when it seemed as if all was lost, a startling change of governmental policy took place. The Duke of Dorset was recalled; and the Lord-Lieutenancy given to the Marquess of Hartington, an intimate friend of the Earl of Kildare. Lord Hartington soon gave up Archbishop Stone (who, however,

boasted that although his legs had been cut off, he would make a good fight upon his stumps); he created Henry Boyle, Earl of Shannon; and on his departure for England in May, 1756—he was by this time Duke of Devonshire—the Earl of Kildare was nominated one of the Lords Justices. George II, the memory of the Earl's Memorial still rankling in his mind, accepted the new turn of events sullenly and under protest. But the Earl of Kildare's cause was vindicated. No longer could Irish rights be sacrificed to English interests; and, for the first time, parliamentary control became a reality in Ireland.

### Art Notes

*By Frederick Carter*

## THE SCHOOL OF ART

AT the turn of the century Art Schools had in common their own particular and special character. In general configuration they were all much alike and many still exist just as they were, some as survivals, some as institutions continuing the old objective. There was a typical type and structure adapted to the purpose and need of Art as it was understood . . . in that day. Nowadays the school of art either stands four-square on its own, or forms a substantial part of some dominating ferroconcrete structure, an educational erection at once starkly severe, practical, universal.

But once upon a time, before the era of "Great Wars," at the easy culmination of those blessed few generations of peace, they seem, through the mists of memory, to have been different. Attached, in general, to some wholly practical and technical institute supported by the Municipality, the art school was given its place in the attics on the top floor. There the budding artist got used to garret life and well set on the way to find romance among the rafters. Once implanted the notion stayed by him, bats in the belfry, bugs in the top-story, etc., was the artist's way of life.

Though, perhaps, the idea began with the artist ; for there was one very practical element about the situation, and that's the broad skylight there available. Some amount of top light is always necessary to the painter of pictures. So big glass windows ran up the walls and across the eaves to the roof and made the working studios of the Art school. North lights in the main, to avoid the perpetual change in colour and character of the light from any other quarter of the heavens.

And under the cold gaze of the boreal sky the gentle students learned drawing and design. There were the various classes for instruction in each, for imitations of nature and the inventions of the mind also. A roomful of youth learned to devise elaborate intricacies of pattern and colour which would repeat themselves unendingly across the woven or the printed surface for which they were designed, learning to mix tints from the jars of powdered colour on a broad slab of marble. A roomful again, working amid an absurd mass of plaster reproductions of antique figures—unholy replicas of Greek divinities once immortalized in marble—worked worshipfully on meticulously elaborated representations that must record every detail according to an educational board's rule of thumb. They sought to learn thereby, the trick of catching form, proportion and sensibility which would make it possible to record the mysterious subject called Life.

There was, it should not be forgotten, a lesser subject called Still Life, not to be confounded with the more exalted Life. For that minor exercise consisted in reproducing arrangements of flowers and other agreeably coloured objects, in water or oil colour, with an extreme of painstaking detail that would have intimidated the late Chardin. The works produced in this department of the curriculum of culture were admirably fitted to be exhibited to family and friends as evidence of talent worthy of applause. As a natural consequence the Still Life Room was generally replete with young ladies of charm and elegance.

But in every Art School which felt itself to be truly adequate—wholly fulfilling its function—there was a Life Class. A Holy of Holies. And genuinely enough it was the sign and signification of the effort to snatch the teaching of art from the sphere of the drawing room accomplishment and bring it into the humanistic category. For in the Life Room, with its stove for extra heat, the disrobed human creature posed before the intent yet abstracted



gaze of the semicircle of earnest students, who strove to delineate that most elusive thing, the limbs and torso of a fellow creature. For figure drawing is really difficult. A face is not nearly so tantalizing a problem as a leg and foot—or a hand. There is the high climax of all studies. Far beyond the preliminary stages, even of Costume Life, where a garbed and posed model, a man, woman or child would sit, in picturesque array, for portrayal. Thence come those innumerable pale nuns and bearded cavaliers and other oddities in oils who fill the junk shops with insipidities on canvas and, incidentally, help make the fortunes of the art emporiums . . . who supply the materials.

Naturally there was something which smacked of high promotion, and of the ultimate initiation to the mystery of the craft, about a student's admission to the Life Class. There, certainly, was the real test of training, the final significant object of study, that most familiar yet most difficult thing of all to draw well and truly—the human body. Moreover, there was reason enough for this step to be held of importance. For a long age, the only place established for the painter's or engraver's apprentice to frequent for improvement and company was the life class. And no doubt, as records give, the place contained a somewhat mixed crowd, a raffish lot. The establishment of the Royal Academy, which was, as its name declares, a teaching institution, helped to draw the study of naked life out of its earlier disrepute. For they instituted a life class, and one which was frequented by William Etty whose enchanting paintings of the nude, of a size that just fills a sheet of millboard, were done in that class, which he followed all his lifetime. But all academicians were not of his point of view. Certain of them joined with the denunciations of the clerics who declared the nude to be naughty and worse.

But a lot of the artists and the models didn't care. They very cheerfully accepted the nickname of Bohemians at a time when it had a black gipsy significance. Their life was accounted extravagant and dangerous and consequently, to the Bourgeois Age, highly entertaining whilst it lasted. Hence the habit, acquired by wealth and nobility, of frequenting, more or less incognito, the world of painters, studios, and models. The artist was the butterfly, the grasshopper, regarded askance by the bourgeois ant, busy about money-getting; but for a while the flash of bohemian guilt dazzled him and he sought prestige in

buying. And the world suffered the poison of an Academic boom. Now, however, the super-ants called millionaires have gone off again to their natural hunting ground among the dead, and enjoy the ghoulish collection of antiques, old masters long deceased, usually feeling easier in the company of dealers than of artists.

Still, some of the prejudice which had enshrouded the earlier wilder Bohemians had been dissipated by the beneficent institution of Art Schools; the first schools, perhaps, which in general were mixed. Male and female worked side by side, except in the Life Class.

The Art Schools made some small breach in the social rigidity which had pinned down the relation of the sexes to ever narrower grooves during the progressing century. Art was a subject to talk about, bringing excitement, confidential chat, sympathy, argument, broadening taste and judgment. Young women followed it and found a way to mental liberation. Besides it had been accepted that art was suitable for the practice of their sex, an accomplishment agreeable to the tightest convenances.

Which had its effect, undoubtedly, upon the nature and constitution of the Art School. Odd things happened therein by way of social crossection, contacts between grimy young genius and fair ladies of some degree. As in all schools, there was a tendency to hero worship. The unusual faculty received admiration and adulation. Yet of art something got lost by the way; and because of all this one may believe. Older methods had been more severe, tests more drastic, and something of a hard practical sense had fallen off. The new Bohemia that came into being was a middle class student world of happy chance. Too many of the students never grew up into artists.

Yet for all that there existed another strata among the varied grades of pupils. Other practitioners were catered for under the educational scheme which had grown beneath the light and blessed warmth of the government grant. The fine arts were a part only of a vast purpose, part of which was to train designers for manufacturers. And apart from the substantial local trades of pottery and textiles these were chiefly for the vast business of printing, whether on paper or fabric, for books or walls.

There were curiously talented youths among the designers in embryo who turned up to the evening classes. Some cities,

democratically, gave not too generous scholarships and exhibitions, despatching them to the great metropolis where they, very frequently, were lost to their trade, taking to the pursuit of the fine arts—or teaching—or journalism. Though this is not intended to decry the social value of these scholastic doles which, at least, cleared a few young souls from days of bondage.

Typical among these, the lithographers had always been a notable group for their craft was the commonest refuge of the budding artist. There they have a marketable cunning of hand and eye. Even yet the reproduction of the bigger posters depends on their labours. For them work is to be found wherever there is a big printers' shop. And in lesser degree the same was the case with designers for all the other trades who required invention or adaptation in patterns and colour. However, as the manufacturers paid the rates, they imposed their views, in the long run, upon the schools of art. Under the watchful eyes of committees the head masters rode the fence.

Training, therefore, was well enough and comprehensive in generalities. But there was a continual drift away from a closer practical contact between the practitioner and the pupil. Schools were schools, and teachers were there to teach classes, there was neither time nor encouragement to show by example. Never really shown how, never at work beside the instructor, the student never quite escaped the timidity of mind and tentative touch of the experimenter, so therefore, he never quite became a full-blown professional, but stayed amateurish. The teachers themselves, victims of the system, were that genteel sort by nature of their function, for they produced art in their time of relaxation after teaching was done. Of course, they exhibited and so on. The fortunate ones, with enough spare time, had opportunity to pursue that regular course of submitting suitable works year after year to the Royal Academy, which leads to the laurels of election.

Almost it looks as if the whole latter century trend of British—certainly English—art had been infected by these paltering qualities. For a century ago the lead given by Constable, Girtin, and Turner and Cotman, had set going a school of water colour full of light and sensibility, yet it hardly affected the national art in the main. The pre-Raphaelites revived sound qualities in technique, for their pictures in general show up in brilliant contrast with the faded colour of their contemporary academicians.

But their vision was confined to a narrow range compared with the audacity of outlook revealing itself in the French Impressionists. They, it was, who took up the track indicated by the earlier English landscapists. The English schools of art became ultimately the happy hunting ground of the amateur. In some respects they are yet. Though what the newest schools will do—built like factories and fortresses to all seeming—stuffed with innumerable departments covering all the crafts and skilled trades—depends wholly on political and economic conditions of the future. To a great degree they seem designed to feed the machine—the dominant machine which seems, every day, to become a more crushing menace.

Where, oh where, is the leisure which it promised as the ultimate result—the millennial conclusion—of its expropriation of the craftsman. There was to be leisure for all mankind, the short working day, the shorter working week. It is feasible we know, but somehow still impracticable. There is a sounder method used for the present—as we must believe—which maintains hosts of unemployed on a meagre living allowance, called brutally, a dole. It is queer that we should always suffer from too much leisure or too little. Yet what we really want is just to enjoy enough. And the great new schools of art should reveal the delights of leisurely labour.

Perhaps they will one of these days. But, ere that, we've got to turn the machine into a tool, just a useful tool, for backed by the joint stock systems of finance, vast and increasing profits are made by a machinery which entail the persisting ruin and decay of mere poor men, idle in smoky dark streets that straggle across blasted heaths to make towns with sullen factories, work-houses and jails as their most notable and characteristic public adornments. The artist has a duty: William Morris saw one way to do it and strove nobly. Every new day has its own struggle. Perhaps we are deeper beneath the grinding wheels to-day. For all that we should hold still to the spirit that can release us and our fellows, that can master the mechanical terror which degrades our world.

Yes; what man has made surely he can master? Sir James Jeans writes that the universe about us conforms best in nature to a great thought—for the rules of mechanics can no more profess to offer an adequate explanation of its processes. But



that thought in humanity—in Man—which has most truly avoided the stigma of the mechanical bondage is the activity we call Art. And its schools, instead of preparing drudges for the commercial world, might perhaps elaborate and establish the rules for enjoying a decent and liveable leisure . . . or even the way and means towards a leisurely life for all human kind.

## MADRID AT GENEVA

*By Louis M. Le Brocquy*

To have visited the Prado in Geneva last year has been the good fortune of thousands who will never see that gallery in Madrid. To some it was an adventure of joy and discovery, in which they became to some degree the belated friends of three great Spaniards, Velasquez, Goya and Greco. These are hard-won friendships. Sympathy is not given to these men in progressive degrees of appreciation. Confronted by Velasquez, the limited, the unimaginative, the inconsistent colourist; by the cynically inaesthetic Goya, or the Greco without ecstasy, the very meaning of art staggers ominously.

Velasquez' religious subjects in the National Gallery, London, arouse suspicion of his imaginative powers. His Prado works confirm that impression. The painting of the models in his "Coronation of the Virgin" is, as ever, consummate, but it is difficult to overlook their mild but pretentious gestures, and an expression of emotion which does not even reach Murillo's humble heights.

There is no finer example of impressionistic realism in painting than his "Mars," but this is no god; it is a rather bored man, inappropriately nude, in a helmet.

In these two examples it so happens that Velasquez' sense of colour lies at lowest ebb. This is a totally unexpected and bewildering discovery, before which the most experienced critic might feel, in turn, impudent, shaken and disillusioned.

Immediate recognition of the Titian-like colour of his "Don Juan Francis," and of the superlative grey tones of his self-portrait and of the portrait of his wife merely tends to confirm the incredible impression that, in those first instances, his colour juxtapositions are sterile and meaningless.

His "Crucifixion," moreover, must shock all who love his work. Apparently he was but superficially affected by religion. This subject was better left to El Greco. In it, his imaginative helplessness and emotional limitations are everywhere apparent. It cannot even claim the subtlety of colour or the effortless and just impressionism habitually expected from a Velasquez. It is as embarrassing as a man sobbing.

These failures, these limitations cause pain and disillusionment to those who perceive their significance, as they may well have hurt their author three hundred years ago, but they do not affect his intrinsic status, apparent in those paintings, which he made within his own narrow but superlative field, namely, what he saw before him. This he felt deeply and expressed with an economy, a truth and an inherent beauty, which will never be surpassed.

It is curious that El Greco, who was the contemporary of Velasquez, should have succeeded so poignantly where the latter had failed. In his "Coronation of the Virgin" he soars to an ecstatic rendering of a conception he felt fanatically. This is the most convincing glimpse of heaven on earth, comparable, in the intensity and delicacy of its feeling, with his "Saint Francis," which Sir Hugh Lane donated to the National Gallery of Ireland.

Goya's paintings are astounding in their daring and sensitive colour, punctuated by diametrically opposite qualities in his portraits of the decadent Charles IV of Spain, whom he apparently disliked and despised. He usually portrays the monarch in a uniform, which inevitably recalls a tinfoil wrapper, metallic reds and blues being distributed in horrible contact, creating an impression of shallow vulgarity, which exceeds that of the sovereign's bovine stupidity of countenance. It seems incredible that Goya, cynical of his own genius, should have resorted to such means to relieve his feelings towards this fool, and the evil which he represented.

The constantly recurring luminous grey tones of his other portraits lift him to greatness. In his tiny self-portrait, these tones are contrasted with a brown of deep significance, producing in its lyric simplicity one of the most poignantly lovely paintings in the world. Here, for one moment, Goya has rested, bathed in his own pure beauty—Goya, the libertine and reformer, the cynic and idealist.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE

By M. J. MacManus

### FOREWORD

Wolfe Tone's *Autobiography* is the main source on which a bibliographer has to rely when investigating his writings. Both in the main narrative and in the *Journal* which he incorporated in the book, Tone constantly refers to his literary activities, most of which—apart from the autobiography itself—were, through the circumstances by which he was bound, of a fugitive character. But, unfortunately, the *Journal* is incomplete. The portion which covers the period when his pen was most busy has been irretrievably lost. The *Journal* was begun in October, 1791, and continued, more or less regularly, until June, 1798. The portions covering the second half of the year 1792 and the whole of the years 1793 (with the exception of the first five weeks), 1794 and 1795, are missing. It is a hiatus which cannot fail to hamper the bibliographer.

Tone was an indefatigable pamphleteer, but as nearly all his writings were published anonymously, identification is not always easy, nor, in fact, possible.

The years 1792 and 1793, during which he was acting as agent for the Catholic body, saw an immense number of pamphlets, official and otherwise, published on behalf of the Catholic cause. Some of these are, of course, known to be the work of Tone, and they are to be found in the Appendix to the *Autobiography* headed "Political Works." But William Tone makes it clear that he did not have before him all his father's publications when compiling the book. Referring to the loss of so many of the papers which his father had entrusted for safe keeping to Dr. Reynolds of Philadelphia, and to those which he had succeeded in recovering, he says: "Some of his earlier manuscripts and several of his printed essays, pamphlets and smaller pieces, complete this collection, but the greater part are lost." It is the loss of the printed items which complicate the bibliographer's problem.

A further difficulty lies in the fact that William Tone does not, in the majority of cases, make it clear whether the pieces he reprints were obtained by him from manuscript or newspaper sources, or whether he possessed them in the shape of printed pamphlets or broadsides.

There is, then, in the case of Wolfe Tone, no possibility of an approach to that degree of finality which a bibliographer normally hopes to attain. A man who was for ever writing, during two or three hectic years, and who is known to have published much of what he wrote in the shape of anonymous pamphlets, broadsides and handbills, has left an impossible task to a bibliographer aiming at completeness. The present compilation, therefore, does not pretend to be anything more than a bibliographical hand-list of such writings as are known to be the work of Tone or which can, with moral certainty, be ascribed to him.

I wish to express my sincere thanks to those who have helped in this compilation, amongst whom I should mention Dr. S. Simms, Dr. F. S. Bourke, Mr. F. O'Kelley, Mr. P. S. O'Hegarty, and Senator Frank MacDermot. To Miss R. Elmes, of the National Library, Dublin, I am particularly indebted.

## (I)

## BELMONT CASTLE (1790).

BELMONT CASTLE : /OR,/SUFFERING SENSIBILITY./ (rule)/CONTAINING THE GENUINE AND INTEREST-/ING CORRESPONDENCE OF SEVERAL PER-/SONS OF FASHION./ (double rule)/" IF YOU HAVE TEARS, PREPARE TO SHED THEM NOW."/(double rule)/ DUBLIN :/PRINTED FOR P. BYRNE, NO. 108,/GRAFTON STREET./1790.

*Collation* : —Half-title, reverse blank ; title, reverse blank ; "Dedication," pp. v to vii ; p. [viii] blank ; "The Editor to the Reader," pp. [ix] to xi ; p. [xii] blank ; text, pp. [1] to 223 ; pp. [224] to [228] carry a list of P. Byrne's new publications.

*Signatures* : 6 unsigned leaves ; B to K in twelves ; L, 6 leaves.

*Size* : An average cut copy measures  $6\frac{7}{16}$  in. x  $3\frac{7}{8}$  in.

*Binding* : Probably issued in the drab or slate-grey wrappers favoured by Byrne and other Dublin printers of the period.

NOTE.—This novel was written by Wolfe Tone in collaboration with two student friends when he was studying law in the Middle Temple. The relevant

AN ADDRESS  
TO THE PEOPLE  
OF IRELAND,  
*ON THE PRESENT IMPORTANT CRISIS.*

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—Tollas licet omne quod usquam est  
Auri & argenti, scutum, galeamque relinques,  
Et gladium & thoracem; spoliatis arma supersunt!

JUVENAL.

---

1796.

[Title-page of the original edition of "An Address to the People of Ireland," printed at Brest, 1796:]



## (1)—continued.

passage in the *Autobiography* is as follows: "I likewise, in conjunction with two of my friends, named Jebb and Radcliff, wrote a burlesque novel, which we called 'Belmont Castle,' and was intended to ridicule the execrable trash of the circulating libraries. It was tolerably well done, particularly Radcliff's part, which was by far the best; yet so it was that we could not find a bookseller who would risk the printing it, though we offered the copyright gratis to several. It was afterwards printed in Dublin, and had some success." In a copy in my possession there are pencil notes which describe chapter 7 as being a "Portrait of T. G—D, by R. J—bb," Chapter 8 as a "Portrait of J. W. B—L, by T. W. T—e," and Chapter 32 as being written by J. R—H." For the provenance of this copy, which bears the bookplate of John Boyd, see Note to No. 15 in the Bibliography.

## (2)

## A REVIEW OF THE CONDUCT OF ADMINISTRATION (1790).

A/REVIEW/OF THE/CONDUCT OF ADMINISTRATION,/DURING THE/SEVENTH SESSION  
OF PARLIAMENT./ADDRESSED TO THE/CONSTITUTIONAL ELECTORS/AND/FREE  
PEOPLE OF IRELAND,/ON THE/APPROACHING DISSOLUTION./(*double rule*)/DUBLIN :/  
PRINTED BY P. BYRNE, GRAFTON-STREET./(*rule*)/M.DCC.XC.

*Collation*: Title, reverse blank; "To the Constitutional Electors and Free People of Ireland," pp. (iii) and iv; text, pp. [5] to 59; p. [60] blank. Signed at end "An Independent Irish Whig."

*Signatures*: A to G, in fours; H, 2 leaves.

*Size*: An uncut copy measures  $8\frac{3}{8}$  in. x  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in.

*Binding*: Issued in slate-grey wrappers.

NOTE.—A copy in the National Library of Ireland carries the following inscription in Tone's hand: "From the Author T. W. Tone, Esq., to Lieut.-Colonel Bussy."

(3)

## SPANISH WAR (1790).

SPANISH WAR!/(rule)/AN/ENQUIRY/HOW FAR IRELAND IS BOUND, OR RIGHT,/TO  
 EMBARK IN THE/IMPENDING CONTEST/ON THE/SIDE OF GREAT-BRITAIN?/  
 ADDRESSED TO/THE MEMBERS/OF/BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT./(rule)/—  
 TECUM RIUS (*sic*) ERGO VOLUTA/HAEC ANIMO ANTE TUBAS; GALEATUM FERRO  
 DUELLI/POENITET! JUVENAL./(double rule)/DUBLIN:/PRINTED BY P. BYRNE,  
 NO. 108, GRAFTON-STREET./(rule)/M.DCC.XC.

*Collation* : Title, reverse blank ; text, pp. [37] to 44. A folding-table is inset at end.

*Signatures* : A to E, in fours ; F, 2 leaves.

*Size* : An average cut copy measures  $7\frac{9}{16}$  in. x  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in.

*Binding* : Probably issued in the blue or slate-grey wrappers of the period.

## NOTES—

(i) In what is probably a later issue of this edition there are the following points of difference : (1) the misprint “rius” on the title is corrected to “prius.” (2) A small printed erratum slip is pasted on the reverse of the title. (3) a leaf containing a prefatory statement is inserted between signatures A1 and A2.

(ii) In the *Autobiography* Tone writes : “The day after it (the *Spanish War* pamphlet) appeared, as I stood *perdue* in the bookseller’s shop, listening after my own reputation, Sir Henry Cavendish, a notorious slave of the House of Commons, entered, and throwing my unfortunate pamphlet on the counter in a rage, exclaimed : ‘Mr. Byrne, if the author of that work is serious he ought to be hanged.’ Sir Henry was succeeded by a Bishop . . . His lordship’s anger was not much less than that of the other personage. ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘if the principles contained in that abominable work were to spread, do you know that you would have to pay for your coal at the rate of five pounds a ton?’ Notwithstanding these criticisms, which I have faithfully quoted against myself, I continue to think my pamphlet a good one ; but, apparently, the publisher, Mr. Byrne, was of a different opinion, for I have every reason to believe that he suppressed the whole impression, ‘for which his own gods damn him’.” In view of the fact that copies of two separate issues have survived, it would seem that the suppression cannot have been so instant or complete as Tone imagined.

(4)

DECLARATION AND RESOLUTIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF  
UNITED IRISHMEN OF BELFAST (1791).

No copy of this item appears to have survived. Tone in his *Autobiography*, referring to his visit to Belfast in October, 1791, says : “We formed our club, of which I wrote the declaration.” (Washington edition, Vol. I. p. 54). In his *Journal* he has the following entry, under date of October, 1791 : “Five hundred

of the Resolutions of the United Irishmen to be printed on little paper, for distribution." [Washington edition, Vol. I., p. 146]. The Declaration and Resolutions were reprinted as an Appendix to the "Report from the Committee of Secrecy" (London, 1797). The Declaration and Resolutions are also reprinted in the Washington edition of the Life [Vol. I, pp. 367-68].

NOTE.—The anonymous author of *Application of Barruel's Memoirs of Jacobinism to the Secret Societies of Ireland and Great Britain* (London, 1798), has the following reference to the printed Declarations, etc. of the Society of United Irishmen: "Dublin, Belfast and Newry were now become the headquarters of the new conspiracy. The latter town even enjoyed the exclusive privilege of printing the Constitutions of the Association, till by a decree of the 7th of December, 1796, it was resolved that they should be printed in three parts of the Kingdom for conveniency's sake."

## (5)

## AN ARGUMENT ON BEHALF OF THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND (1791).

CATHOLICS/(double rule)/AN/ARGUMENT/ON BEHALF OF THE/CATHOLICS OF IRELAND/IN WHICH/THE PRESENT POLITICAL STATE OF THAT/COUNTRY, AND THE NECESSITY OF A PARLI-/AMENTARY REFORM ARE CONSIDERED./ADDRESSED TO/THE PEOPLE, AND MORE PARTICULARLY TO THE/PROTESTANTS OF IRELAND/(double rule)/DUBLIN: /PRINTED BY P. BYRNE, NO. 108, GRAFTON-STREET./(rule) M.DCC, XCI.

*Collation*: Half-title, reverse blank; title, reverse blank; "To the Reader," pp. [iii]-iv; text, pp [5]-54. Signed at end "A Northern Whig," and dated from Belfast, "August 1, 1791."

*Signature*: A to F, in fours; G, 2 leaves.

*Size*: An average cut copy measures 8½ in. x 4½ in.

*Binding*: Probably issued in the drab or slate-grey wrappers of the period.

## OTHER EDITIONS:

*An Argument on Behalf of the Catholics of Ireland.* Reprinted by order of the Society of United Irishmen of Belfast. [Belfast?], 1791.

*An Argument on Behalf of the Catholics of Ireland.* By Theobald Wolfe Tone. Fifth Edition. Dublin: Reprinted by order of the United Irishmen, 1792. This is the first edition to bear the author's name and it contains a new Preface signed by him, in which he states that "six thousand copies have been sold and a new edition is necessary." I have been unable to discover any copies of a second, third or fourth edition. This so-called "fifth" edition is comparatively common.

(6)

## " RESOLUTIONS " (1792).

In February, 1792, John Toler, the Solicitor-General, speaking in the Irish House of Commons, made an attack on the Society of United Irishmen, in which he referred to its chairman, Simon Butler, and its secretary, Napper Tandy, in abusive terms. Wolfe Tone consulted with another member of the Society, Archibald Hamilton Rowan, as to what steps should be taken, and they decided to call a meeting of the members. " I offered, if he would take the chair that I would, with the Society's permission, act as secretary, and that we would give our signatures to such publications as circumstances might render necessary. Rowan instantly agreed, and accordingly, on the next night of meeting, he was chosen chairman and I pro-secretary, in the absence of Tandy ; and the Society having agreed to the resolutions proposed, which were worded in a manner very offensive to the dignity of the House of Commons, and, in fact, amounted to a challenge of their authority, we inserted them in all the newspapers, and printed 5,000 copies, with our names affixed." [*Life*, Washington edition, Vol. I, pp. 56-57.]

No copy of this item appears to have survived, which is curious in view of the large number stated by Tone to have been printed.

(7)

## TO THE GRAND JURY OF LONDONDERRY (1792).

A broadsheet, printed on one side only, and measuring 12½ in. x 9½ in. It is headed :

TO THE/GRAND JURY/OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF LONDONDERRY, FOR THE SUMMER ASSIZES, 1792.

It is printed in three columns and signed " Vindex." The only known copy is in the possession of Dr. S. Simms of Belfast.

(8)

## ADDRESS TO THE DEFENDERS (1792).

In Tone's Journal, under the date July 21, 1792, there is an entry relating to a visit which Tone paid to Grattan, which contains the following : " Mr. Hutton (*i.e.*, Tone), reads him the intended address to the Defenders, in which he suggests some alterations, but very much approves it generally." Another entry, dated three days later, reads : " Gave the address to the Defenders to Byrne, with orders to print 1,000 on large paper." A third reference follows in the entry dated August 18 : " Arrive at Newry about 8. Meet O'Hanlon and some others ; tell them of our journey ; all agree that we should publish the address to the Defenders." But if it was published, as seems likely, no copy appears to have survived, nor is it reprinted in the *Life*.



(9)

VINDICATION OF THE CIRCULAR OF THE CATHOLIC SUB-COMMITTEE, IN REPLY TO THE RESOLUTIONS OF THE GRAND JURIES (1792).

No copy of this appears to have survived. It is reprinted in the *Life* in the section headed "Political Works."

(10)

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY OF UNITED IRISHMEN (1793).

PROCEEDINGS/OF THE/SOCIETY/OF/UNITED IRISHMEN/OF DUBLIN./(*rule*)/DUBLIN : /PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE SOCIETY./(*rule*)/1793.

*Collation* : Title, reverse blank ; text, pp. (1) to 30.

*Signatures* : A to G, in fours ; H, 2 leaves.

*Size* : An average cut copy measures  $8\frac{1}{4}$  in. x  $4\frac{3}{8}$  in.

*Binding* : Probably issued in the usual drab or slate-grey wrappers of the period.

NOTE.—The account of the Proceedings for the dates of February 25, 1792, and March 30, 1792, are signed "Theobald Wolfe Tone, Pro. Sec."

(11)

ADDRESS TO THE NATION (1793).

This pamphlet, of which no copy appears to have survived, was written on behalf of the Society of United Irishmen as a protest against the imprisonment of two of its members, the Hon. Simon Butler and Oliver Bond, for contempt of court. It is the "paper" referred to by Tone in his *Journal* under the date February 7, 1795, where it is described as "very moderate." The title is given by Drennan, in a letter which has not been published.

(12)

VINDICATION OF THE CAUSE OF THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND (1793).

VINDICATION/OF THE/CAUSE OF THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND,/ADOPTED,/AND ORDERED TO BE PUBLISHED BY/THE GENERAL COMMITTEE,/AT/A MEETING HELD AT TAYLOR'S-HALL, BACK-LANE,/DECEMBER 7, 1792./(*rule*)/TO WHICH IS SUBJOINED,/THE DECLARATION/SUBSCRIBED BY THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND ;/ALSO THE/LETTER AND PLAN OF THE SUB-COMMITTEE/FOR THE APPOINTMENT OF DELEGATES./(*double rule*)/DUBLIN : /PRINTED BY APPOINTMENT,/BY H. FITZPATRICK, 2, UPPER ORMOND-QUAY./(*short rule*)/1793.

*Collation* : Title, reverse blank ; text, pp. (1) to 38, (pp. 39-40, blank)

*Signatures* : One unsigned leaf ; B to F in fours.

*Size* :  $8\frac{5}{8}$  in. x  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in., uncut.

*Binding* : Issued unbound.

## ANOTHER EDITION :

*A Vindication of the Conduct and Principles of the Catholics of Ireland, from the charges made against them, by certain late Grand Juries, and other Interested Bodies in that Country ; with an Appendix of Authentic Documents, Published by order of the General Committee of the Catholics of Ireland, assembled at Dublin, on Monday, December 3, 1792. To which is added, a correct copy of the Petition presented to His Majesty, Jan. 2, 1793. The Second Edition. To which is annexed Notes, Reciting the Statutes on which the allegations of the Petition are founded. London : Printed for J. Debrett, opposite Burlington House, Piccadilly. M.DCC, xciii. 8vo. pp. [iv] + 108.*

The first London edition, and the one reprinted by William Tone under "Political Works of T. W. Tone," in the Autobiography. It incorporates two separately-published Dublin pamphlets (Nos. 12 and 13 in this Bibliography).

NOTE.—Tone refers to this pamphlet and the next one in the Bibliography in the *Autobiography* as follows : "I can scarcely ever promise myself to see him [John Keogh] again, and I can sincerely say that one of the greatest pleasures which I anticipated in case of our success was the Society of Mount Jerome, where I have spent many happy days, and some of them serviceable to the country. It was there that he and I used to frame our papers and manifestos. It was there we drew up the petition and vindication of the Catholics which produced such powerful effects both in England and Ireland." John Keogh, who lived at Mount Jerome, Dublin, was the most prominent figure in the Catholic Committee, of whose Sub-Committee Tone was Secretary.

## (13)

## THE PETITION OF THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND (1793)

THE/PETITION/OF THE/CATHOLICS OF IRELAND,/TO THE/KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY :/PRESENTED AT ST. JAMES'S, ON WEDNESDAY JAN. 2, 1793,/BY MESSRS. /EDWARD BYRNE, JOHN KEOGH, JAMES EDWARD/DEVEREUX, CHRISTOPHER BELLEW, /AND SIR THOMAS FRENCH, BART/(rule)/TO WHICH ARE ANNEXED/NOTES,/RECITING THE STATUTES ON WHICH THE ALLEGATIONS/OF THE PETITION ARE GROUNDED./ (double rule)/DUBLIN :/PRINTED BY APPOINTMENT,/BY H. FITZPATRICK, 2 UPPER ORMOND-QUAY/(rule)/1793.

*Collation* : Title, Resolution of the Sub-Committee dated "January 12, 1793" ; text, pp. (3) to 27 ; p. 28-30 blank.

*Signatures* : Title, one unsigned leaf ; B to D in fours ; a final unsigned leaf probably conjugate with leaf carrying title.

*Size* : An average cut copy measures  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. x  $4\frac{3}{8}$  in.

*Binding* : Issued unbound.

NOTE.—Inserted between pp. (12) and (13) is a folding sheet ( $18\frac{7}{8}$  in. x  $4\frac{3}{8}$  in.) containing the names of the Catholic Delegates who signed the Petition. At the foot of the 6th column is "H. Fitzpatrick, Printer to the Catholic Committee, Dublin."

(14)

DEFENCE OF THE SUB-COMMITTEE OF THE CATHOLICS  
OF IRELAND (1793).

DEFENCE/OF THE/SUB-COMMITTEE OF THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND,/FROM/THE  
IMPUTATIONS ATTEMPTED TO BE THROWN ON/THAT BODY,/PARTICULARLY FROM  
THE CHARGE OF/SUPPORTING THE DEFENDERS./(*rule*)/PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF  
THE SUB-COMMITTEE./(*double rule*)/DUBLIN :/PRINTED BY H. FITZPATRICK, 2,  
UPPER ORMOND-QUAY./(*short rule*)/1793.

*Collation* : Half-title, on reverse Resolution of Sub-Committee dated " April  
2, 1793 "; title, reverse blank ; text, pp. (1) to 12.

*Signatures* : Half-title, 2 unsigned leaves ; B, 4 leaves ; C, 2 leaves.

*Size* : 8½ in. x 4¾ in., uncut.

*Binding* : Issued unbound.

(15)

## ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND (1796).

AN ADDRESS/TO THE PEOPLE/OF IRELAND,/ON THE PRESENT IMPORTANT CRISIS./  
(*rule*)/—TOLLAS LICET OMNE QUOD USQUAM EST/AURI & ARGENTI, SCUTUM,  
GALEAMQUE RELINQUES,/ET GLADIUM & THORACEM ; SPOLIATIS ARMA SUPERSUNT !/  
JUVENAL./(*rule*)/1796.

*Collation* : Title, reverse blank ; text, pp. 1 to 39 ; p. 40, blank.

*Signatures* : One unsigned leaf ; A—B, in eights ; C, 4 leaves.

*Size* : An uncut copy measures 7½ in. x 4⅞ in.

*Binding* : Unknown.

NOTE.—Tone refers to this item in his Journal under date November 1—2, 1796, as follows : " I have been hard at work ever since my arrival [at Brest] on an address to the Irish people, which is to be printed here and distributed on our landing." Only two copies of this rare Brest-printed address appear to be known. One, which is entirely uncut, is in the possession of Dr. S. Simms of Belfast. The other, which is in my own collection, has an interesting history. It is contained in a volume of pamphlets which bears the bookplate of John Boyd (see note to No. 1 in this Bibliography) and which carries a note in his hand stating that he found this copy of the *Address* "on board the Hoche." Boyd was a prominent landowner, magistrate and militia officer who lived at Letterkenny, and was, no doubt, given facilities to inspect the "Hoche"—the French warship on which Tone fought—after its surrender in Lough Swilly in October, 1798. He appears also to have been given access to Tone's papers and thus the *Address* came into his possession. The general title-page of this copy is missing, which may be explained by the fact that Tone, when bringing copies of the pamphlet to Ireland for distribution on his second expedition, did not wish it to be known that it had actually been written and printed for distribution in connection with the abortive expedition of two years before. Hence he probably removed the title-page, which bore the date 1796.

## ANOTHER EDITION :

*An Address to the People of Ireland on the Present Important Crisis.* Belfast, 1796 (*sic*), 8vo, pp. iv. + 28.

The date is a misprint, probably for 1799. This edition carries a short foreword, which begins : " The following Address was found on board the French ship of war le Hoche, which was taken by the squadron under the command of Admiral Warren, in the action off Tory Island, in October, 1798. It was intended, no doubt, to have been distributed in case the enemy had landed." The writer goes on to say that it is reprinted " in order to expose the fallacious topics which the insidious foe meant to have addressed to the passions and feelings rather than to the understandings of Irishmen." Actually, the purpose of this reprint may have been the exact opposite. Camouflaged by a slight pretence of loyalty, it was probably issued by Tone's Republican friends in Belfast in order to give the Irish public an opportunity of reading the sentiments it contained.

(16)

## TRIAL OF WOLFE TONE (1798).

PROCEEDINGS/OF A/MILITARY COURT/HELD IN DUBLIN BARRACKS ON SATURDAY THE/TENTH OF NOVEMBER,/FOR THE/TRIAL/OF/THEOBALD WOLFE TONE ;/FORMERLY/BARRISTER AT LAW, FOUNDER OF/THE LATE IRISH UNION ;/AND/AN ADJUTANT GENERAL IN THE SERVICE/OF THE/FRENCH REPUBLIC : /ON A CHARGE/ " THAT HE BEING A NATURAL BORN SUBJECT OF OUR LORD THE KING, " - - - TAKEN TRAITEROUSLY (*sic*) ACTING IN OPEN ARMS, COM/" MANDING AN HOSTILE FORCE, FOR THE INVASION OF THIS/" KINGDOM./(*rule*)/DUBLIN : PRINTED BY/VINCENT DOWLING, NO. 5, COLLEGE GREEN,/THE CORNER OF ANGLESEA STREET./OF WHOM MAY BE HAD, EVERY NEW BOOK/AND PAMPHLET./(*rule*)/1798.

*Collation* : Title, reverse blank ; " Introduction," pp. [3] to 6 ; text, pp. [7] to 23 ; p. [24], booksellers' advertisement.

*Signatures* : None.

*Size* : An average cut copy measures 7 in. x 3 $\frac{7}{8}$  in.

*Binding* : Probably issued in the usual blue or slate-grey wrappers of the period.

(17)

## TRIAL OF WOLFE TONE. ANOTHER EDITION (1798).

Issued without a formal title. The heading of page (1) reads : DUBLIN, NOV. 13, 1798/TRIAL/OF MR. T. W. TONE.

*Collation* : Text, pp. [1] to 8.

*Signatures* : None.

*Size* : An average cut copy measures 8 $\frac{1}{8}$  in. x 5 $\frac{1}{16}$  in.

*Binding* : Probably issued unbound.

NOTE.—The text of this account of the trial differs considerably from that of the one printed by Dowling (see previous item). In the latter the proceedings are given in much greater detail and the whole account is set down as if it were taken verbatim by a shorthand reporter. It also contains a preface, not in this edition, of a moralising sort, dealing with Tone's career and his unhappy fate.



(18)

## LIFE (1826).

LIFE/OF/THEOBALD WOLFE TONE,/FOUNDER OF THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETY,/AND/ADJUTANT GENERAL AND CHEF DE BRIGADE IN THE SERVICE OF THE FRENCH AND/BATAVIAN REPUBLICS./WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, AND CONTINUED BY HIS SON; WITH HIS POLITICAL WRITINGS, AND FRAGMENTS OF/HIS DIARY, WHILST AGENT TO THE GENERAL AND SUB-COMMITTEE OF THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND, AND/SECRETARY TO THE DELEGATION WHO PRESENTED THEIR PETITION TO HIS MAJESTY GEORGE III./HIS MISSION TO FRANCE: WITH A COMPLETE DIARY OF HIS NEGOTIATIONS TO PROCURE THE AID OF THE FRENCH AND BATAVIAN/REPUBLICS, FOR THE LIBERATION OF IRELAND; OF THE EXPEDITIONS OF BANTRY BAY, THE TEXEL, AND/OF THAT WHEREIN HE FELL. NARRATIVE OF HIS TRIAL, DEFENCE BEFORE THE COURT-MARTIAL, AND DEATH./EDITED BY HIS SON,/WILLIAM THEOBALD WOLFE TONE:/WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HIS OWN EDUCATION AND CAMPAIGNS UNDER THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON. IN TWO VOLUMES./VICTRIX CAUSA DIIS PLACUIT, SED VICTA CATONI./PHARSALIA, LIB. I, VERSE 128./VOL. I. [VOL. II.]/WASHINGTON:/PRINTED BY GALES & SEATON./1826.

*Collation* : [Vol. I] Title, copyright notice on reverse ; "Contents," pp. [iii] to [viii] ; text, pp. 1 to 565, p. 566 blank. [Vol. II] title, copyright notice on reverse ; text, pp. 1 to 674. Vol. I carries a frontispiece portrait and a folding table, not reckoned in the pagination, between pp. 340 and [341].

*Signatures* : [Vol. I] 4 unsigned leaves ; 1 to 71, in fours. [Vol. II] one unsigned leaf ; 1 to 84, in fours ; 85, one leaf.

*Size* : An average "cut" copy measures 8½ in. x 5½ in.

*Binding* : The only copy seen in the original binding (several years ago) was, so far as I remember, bound in all-over drab boards, with the title printed on a paper label on the spine.

## OTHER EDITIONS :—

*Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone.* Written by himself. London, Colburn, 1827. 2 vols., 8vo. In this edition the "Political Works" are omitted.

*The Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone.* Written by himself. London, Constable, 1828. Post 8vo. An abridged edition, published as No. 19 of a series entitled "A Collection of the most Instructive and Amusing Lives ever Published." It was reprinted in the same series, but with a different publisher's imprint, in 1830.

*Extracts from the Journals of Theobald Wolfe Tone.* Dublin, N.D. (c. 1846), 12mo. One of a series of volumes published on the first of each month by James McCormick of Dublin.

*Life and Adventures of Theobald Wolfe Tone.* Written by himself. Glasgow : Cameron and Ferguson, N.D. 8vo.

*Life and Adventures of Theobald Wolfe Tone.* Written by himself. London : R. and T. Washbourne, N.D. 8vo.

*Life and Adventures of Theobald Wolfe Tone.* Written by Himself. Burns Oates & Washbourne, N.D.

*Mémoires Secrètes de Wolfe Tone.* Paris: 1888. 2 vols., 8vo.

*The Autobiography of Theobald Wolfe Tone.* Edited, with an Introduction, by R. Barry O'Brien. London: Fisher Unwin, 1893. 2 vols., imperial 8vo. In this edition, which has been reprinted more than once, Tone's political writings and letters, as well as the account of Tone's family subsequent to his death, are omitted.

*Patriot-Adventurer: Extracts from the Memoirs and Journals of Theobald Wolfe Tone.* Selected and arranged with a Connecting Narrative by Denis Ireland. London, Rich and Cowan, 1936. Crown 8vo.

*The Autobiography of Wolfe Tone.* Abridged and edited by Sean O Faolain. London, Nelson, 1937. Crown 8vo. In this edition some passages, suppressed in all previous editions, are printed for the first time from the MS. in Trinity College, Dublin.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### CHAMPIONS OF POETRY.

It is perhaps well to warn oneself when borrowing the jargon of a military campaign in which to describe Dr. Bronowski's well-argued essay, *The Poet's Defence* (Cambridge University Press, 7/6), or Dr. Ernest Rhys's comprehensive and concerted *Prelude to Poetry* (Everyman, 2/-), that, recalling Emerson's words, himself a neglected and important poet-critic as well as a valorous champion of the art, "there is a something about heroism that is not quite holy; it is the state of the soul at war." It is surely the poet's business to sing rather than to fight, but he does sometimes engage himself in a holy war and these are both books which any student who feels that poetry is a vital aspect of man's struggle for spiritual culture may be pardoned for describing as manuals of an "offensive-defensive." For Dr. Bronowski reveals the plans of campaign of Sidney and Shelley, Coleridge and Wordsworth; also "Swinburne and his heirs," the dubious designation under which he indicates (one might nearly say indicts!) Housman and Yeats. And Dr. Rhys's sub-title, "the English Poets in Defence of Their own Art," reminds us also that we are about to be conducted through the entrenchments behind which some twenty-three poets from Chaucer to Bridges (including the first five named above) protect their varying systems of metrics, rhyme, imagery and construction or sally forth to do battle against Philistia. In both books the poets' armoury is exhibited: their ideas and ideals and their application to life—such "pebbles from the brook" as the youthful John Eglinton, with an ardour which even Emerson must have forgiven, slung from his catapult of the 'nineties.

But the battle continues. It does not conclude when, at the close of Ernest Rhys's excellent book, full of music, preludes, postludes, interludes, Robert

Bridges seemingly assumes that a dictated peace has been agreed to and explains to us what it is that the poet has been struggling for: the "three rightnesses that are the factors of style," *i.e.*, "right words" and "in the right style" and "the agreeable sound of them in sequence"; or when he proceeds in an elaborate foot-note to expound the doctrine that "the fusion of sound and sense is the magic of the greatest poetry." No doubt it is, and of the greatest prose literature too; but is this all that the poet is trying to achieve?

Nor does the ending of Dr. Bronowski's *Defence* close the campaign. Indeed it sounds rather more like the bugle note summoning the poet's armies to a new attack. He has written an original and challenging essay, conducting an investigation into the content of poetry that no lover of poetry can refuse to consider. But is not his end a new beginning? Let us interrogate this ending: "Yeats stands," he concludes, "against the line of poets whose ideal was poetry. And he stands away from the little poets of the Nineteenth Century who tried to fit poetry into a social use. He is a poet of great living and of the senses. Yeats is a poet great enough to stand against poetry." What these two contrasted greatnesses do themselves stand for is slightly ambiguous. And I think his microscopic analysis treats Yeats's symbology too automatically, too literally. Those for whom greatness in poetry does not conflict with greatness in living surely include "poets whose ideal was poetry." Indeed a careful reader of Dr. Bronowski's essay may hesitate to assume that he himself accepts the implied dichotomy. But, insistent verbalism apart, we cannot but regret the omission from both the *Poet's Defence* and *The Prelude to Poetry* of another poet pleading for poetry, contemporary with Yeats and still awaiting the judgement of posterity, AE, whose *Candle of Vision* and *Song and its Fountains* are voices sounding above the battle and whose last revelation of envisioned song, in *The House of the Titans*, is less the defence of a beleaguered citadel than the advance into the open of an army with banners. Perhaps Dr. Bronowski would admit that AE has occupied a disputed terrain effectively in the two prose books just named, perhaps we may confidently await his recognition of AE's Paean of victory in the *Titans*. AE, whether as poet or critic, does not stand "against poetry" or against life or for a merely "Social Use." He stands for the spirit of man. Can poetry justify itself with any less comprehensive claim, in an epoch seeking with Aldous Huxley for Ends transcending our mechanistic Means, with Gerald Heard for a Third Morality, with A. N. Whitehead for a Philosophy of Organism or with the greater mystics of the ages and the greater names in long remembered poetry itself for a Presence that impels all thinking things?

H. F. N.

"THE STAR TURNS RED." By Sean O'Casey. London: Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

This is a strong, vigorous, propaganda play, without any interior, driving, fundamental creative impulse, but built up with the accumulation of carefully worked out scenes sliding into each other. It leaves the impression on the mind of the reader of being rather disjointed in its technique, except in the case of the third act, which is powerful and impressive and welded together by the presence

of the dead man lying in the room, and all the dialogue and incident being connected with him.

A note says, "The action of the play takes place during the last few hours of a Christmas Eve," and the time is, "To-morrow or the next day." No place is given, but the dedication is "To the men and women who fought through the great Dublin lockout in Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen," and though there is no allusion to Eire in the text of the play, the flavour of the Dublin accent is unmistakable in the dialogue.

The plot is concerned with the attempt of the Red Communist workers, under the guidance of Red Jim, to seize power in the town. They are opposed by the Church and the Fascist body, called here The Saffron Shirts. A Communist is killed in the first act by one of The Saffron shirts, and a trial of strength between the rival parties takes place in the third act about the burial of the dead man. The priests want to take him to the Church to await Christian burial and this is fiercely opposed by the Communists.

"RED JIM: Have I come too late?

RED PRIEST: You have come too late. Our dead brother's soul has found forgiveness in the Church, and we are now bringing his dear body to where it will receive its last handling by Christian priests and Christian brethren.

RED JIM: 'Twere better he had received Christian handling when he was living than to receive it now when he is dead.

RED PRIEST: Go vain and turbulent man; go, and leave us to carry out our last office of charity in peace. (*He turns to the crowd and Confraternity men*). Take up the body. (*They do not stir*).

RED JIM: Our comrade comes with us. His quiet shall not be disturbed by the wail of the virtuous vagabonds. The chant of his own comrades and the melody of his own class shall go with him for some of the way he's wending. (*He turns to Brannigan*.) Take up your comrade's body and let the drums strike.

RED PRIEST: Let the man who first moves to obey this order be cut off for ever from all attachment to eternal salvation. (*There is a tense pause and again no one stirs*)."

But after two more impassioned speeches from Red Jim the Communists act and the body is borne out by them to the sound of drums and the strains of the Communist song:

"Our Comrade's gone, but there's no weeping,  
Away the drums are beating,  
The Cause he loved is in safe keeping  
Aha, Red Star, arise, the wide world over."

The title Red Priest is very confusing to the reader. This character is referred to in the dialogue as The Red Priest of the politicians, and he is depicted throughout as the bitter enemy of the Communists.

The last act ends with the rival parties in actual physical conflict, which is



covered by the curtain falling to represent the passing of a few hours, and when it rises again dead bodies are lying around, and the final victory is with the Communists.

There is not much skill in characterization shown in the play. The chief character Red Jim is built on conventional lines of the swashbuckling labour leader. His opponents, the two priests, called The Red Priest of the politicians, and The Brown Priest of the Poor, are simply representative types speaking for the Church. And indeed Red Tim very often relinquishes the personal utterance proper to a character in drama and adopts a prophetic chanting as the mouth-piece of the Communistic hierarchy. The Old Man and The Old Woman are natural and convincing, while others like The Lord Mayor and Joybell are apparently intended for caricature. The dialogue is very carefully written, and is mostly of a high order suited to the characters, except that too often the author is inclined to imitate Synge, and Lady Gregory and Kiltartan. But he may be only trying to poke fun at the older writers.

The Star of the title is a real star seen in the Christmas Eve sky, and it appears in the back-ground of each act seen through the windows. In the first act The Old Woman had spoken of the star seen through her window as though it was the Star from the East that led the three kings.

"JACK: How does the star shine, Mother?"

OLD WOMAN: It shines as purest silver shines, all brightened by a useful and a loving hand."

And Jack had replied:

"So it shone when it led the kings: so shall it not shine when it leads the people. It leads no more, and never shall till its silver turns to red."

And at the end of the last act a miracle apparently occurs in some unexplained way. For Red Jim suddenly calls out as if something marvellous has happened, disconnecting him for the moment from the sequence of the dialogue:

"Look at the star, look at the star, man. The crescent has come, and the crescent has gone; the cross has come, and the cross is going. (*To the Red Guards*). What is left to take their place, comrades?"

And The Red Guards reply—(*loudly and in chorus*):

"The Red Star is rising. The Red Star will take their place and burn in the heavens over our heads for ever."

But perhaps this is only Mr. O'Casey's symbolism. And it may be that he only intended that the silver star had vanished and the red star had appeared.

### THREE BOOKS OF POPULAR PHILOSOPHY.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND. Basil Willey. London: Chatto & Windus. 15s.

PHILOSOPHY FOR OUR TIMES. C. E. Joad. Nelson. 7s. 6d.

PLATO. Philip Leon. Nelson. Discussion Books, No. 38. 2s. 6d.

There are many signs in modern criticism everywhere of a revival of interest in the eighteenth century; for us it is a period with a double interest because it is at once so like and so unlike our own age. Mr. Willey therefore

makes a just claim when he suggests that his study can offer us not merely escape, or refreshment but actual guidance. It was the eighteenth century which saw the beginnings of those two great characteristics of modernity: the earnest pursuit of science and the idea of progress. It was in the eighteenth century in the Battle of the Books, in the Battle of the Ancients and Moderns, in the pamphlets and polemics of the Zurich professors against Gottsched in Leipzig that the literary conflict between authority and individualism was fought to the decision by which we still abide. These achievements are considered by Mr. Willey under the heading which is his sub-title: *Studies on the Idea of Nature in the thought of the period*. If "Truth" seemed to be the key-word for the seventeenth century, this time it is "Nature," and he shows how the term was forced into the service of each of these tendencies: Natural Science; Human Nature and Natural Man, no longer to be regarded as a fallen angel but as one capable of perfectibility through Natural Morality. And all this implies the emancipation of the heart and therefore of literature and the arts. (This time Nature is made to stand over against Reason).

But our world is so different that we must remind ourselves strongly of the background of all these concepts of Nature. This is perhaps less difficult for dwellers in Dublin than for others. Dublin loves the eighteenth century; in some senses we have never got past the eighteenth century, and we shall not forget the age of Swift and Berkeley. It was our Golden Age and it has left its monuments. Our houses, our public buildings—even the modern ones—are not yet out of what some critics call the Vitruvian Nights of architecture, and in Stephen's Green, with its lake and its grotto we have an example, however late, of that eighteenth century creation of "natural" beauty, the *Jardin anglais*, which gave its stock epithet: Romantic, to be the name of a whole movement. Mr. Willey draws a full picture of this background, in all spheres dominated by order, canalisation, clarity and taste. The purpose of the book is literary rather than philosophical, leading us to a deeper understanding of Wordsworth and Coleridge. It is only from the philosopher's point of view that it could be called a popular book. It is a beautifully scholarly work, to be read slowly and enjoyed, to be read "wholly and with diligence and attention."

It is that background of certainty, the awareness of accepted criteria—even it at lowest it was only Good Taste, the approval of most of the best people—so characteristic of the eighteenth century, which Professor Joad finds lacking in our own age. Suppose that by rubbing a Mazda lamp we could conjure up an eighteenth century *philosophe*; if we set him to examine the essential difference between his age of Enlightenment and Scepticism and our own age, he would almost certainly find it in the total absence of a first principle in modern thought; he had something to build on. The present age takes nothing for granted, has no first premise. We can trace the history and origin of things even if we cannot define them. We experiment, following the scientific method, for at least our world can be computed even if it does not exist. There is nothing new in heaven and earth not dreamt of in our laboratories. With the shaking of the old standards, religious, moral and social, more and more men are losing their pattern of mind. One of the characteristics of our age is the feverish search for values. This may be salutary so long as it is not permanent and as too many are not engaged in it, and if men are not driven to content themselves with some

of the substitutes for ultimate values. The decline of religion in Western Europe has taken away the means for expression of the religious instincts; lacking religion, men have sought everywhere for substitutes; in art, in money, in the pursuit of pleasure and, in some countries, in politics. Such is the theme of the First Part of Professor Joad's book, headed "Critical." Part Two—"Constructive," is obviously much more difficult work and proportionately less successful.

Here the popular style, familiar to readers of the *Guide to Philosophy*, jars on us more than in the first part. The simple, crude examples are by this time familiar also. In this manner we are sketchily presented with the possibility of believing once again in the values of goodness, truth and beauty (and also happiness, which Professor Joad does not regard as possibly a bye-product of the other three).

Unfortunately, it is all so simplified as to be rather unconvincing, and is further confused by controversial reflexions on internationalism and Federal Union. Happily here and there Professor Joad refers us to Plato, who, being confronted with a problem similar in many ways to ours, took *tabula rasa* and conceived a system of values which can still give us hope to-day, so that, in the words of F. H. Bradley, all modern philosophy is but a series of footnotes to Plato.

Those who would follow this, the best piece of Professor Joad's advice, and make the acquaintance of Plato could do worse than read No. 38 of the Discussion Books by Philip Leon—but only if it is a new acquaintance, for this little book is not intended for the scholar. Several series have by now accustomed us to little books on big subjects, intended for the business man in a hurry, but used by the student who has no right to be in a hurry. Here, in his 140 pages the author contrives to say a great deal—more indeed than Walter Pater said in a book four times as long. But how exquisitely he said it! This book is written in journalistic style, including modern equivalents instead of translations, such as "Democrats and Fascists," the "Great War" and the "International Brigade!" They help to form a vivid and plausible story. If the essayist or first speaker of your debating society fails to arrive you could make good use of this book—and that is what it is meant for.

E. LÉON WRIGHT.

GIULIANO THE MAGNIFICENT. A novel edited by Jack Lindsay. Pp. 454. London: Andrew Dakers, Ltd. N.D. (1940). 8s. 6d. net.

I do not know whether the "facts" set out by Mr. Lindsay in his Prefatory Note are to be taken seriously. If so, the matter of this novel was revealed to a Miss Dorothy Johnson in 1933. But I cannot accept the statement, made by the publisher, that the authenticity of the novel is patent to the reader, or that it is "packed with truth and beauty."

"No amount of historical research could possibly have provided the material for this novel," says the publisher's blurb. Naturally, since all but the setting is fiction! I admit the ugliness and malevolence of the background "... of cruelty, lust, pageantry and colour." But I prefer to take my conception of Giuliano from Botticelli and Poliziano, and I prefer Philippe Monnier's casual and cheerful, but careful and accurate, picture of the blackguardism and glory of the time

to this "revelation" of foulness and abomination. Part I of the book (up to p. 136) is a study in unnatural vice, which peeps in ever and again in the rest of the book. I am aware that it was a feature of the Quattrocento, but why write a novel about it? The immortal loveliness of Poliziano's picture of Giuliano hunting and the vision of Simonetta in the *Stanze per la Giostra*, his portrait in Botticelli's paintings—what more or better do we want?

And I prefer a Lorenzo less brutal to his mother and to his wife, less of a talker—in the novel he talks and talks and blethers and blethers like a young "intellectual" or a soap-box politician. I prefer to think of Giuliano as an Hippolytus, ultimately conquered, than as the silly, effeminate, half "pansy," half gigolo of this novel! I know that Sixtus IV and some of his cardinals were not of the best repute, but why bring in the nauseating scene between Sixtus IV and his nephew (Part IV, Ch. i) and the still more nauseating scene between Lorenzo and Cardinal Raffaello Sansoni, the grand-nephew of the Pope (Part V, Ch. xi), a boy of 16?

As far as I can see the chronological and historical framework is correct, and the novel is well-written, if one likes the style. But I do not see that it is "rich in guidance and understanding." It had far better been left in the form in which the mythical (?) Miss Johnson left it!

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

MOHAMMED AND CHARLEMAGNE. By Henri Pirenne. Translated by Bernard Miall. 285 pp. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

Professor Pirenne's recently translated *History of Europe*, which traces the manifold evolution of Europe from the fall of the Roman Empire to the beginning of the Reformation, has rightly been acclaimed as a remarkably effective work of historical synthesis, bringing complex problems and events into perspective in a manner valuable both to the general reader and to the specialist. *Mohammed and Charlemagne* is likewise the fruit of profuse learning and keen insight, but it is a book of real importance only to the professional historian. It is a technical presentation of a controversial thesis.

In Pirenne's view the final break-up of the ancient Roman Empire took place at a considerably later period than is usually supposed. He stresses the economic unity of the mature empire, centring almost exclusively on the Mediterranean. He believes that the irruption of the barbarians over the western frontiers in the fifth century did little to change the fundamentals of this economy. They had nothing constructive to offer in the way of organisation or institutions, and so offered little resistance to the process of assimilation or "Romanization," which therefore rapidly took place.

It was the Islamic conquest, closing the Western Mediterranean and effectively destroying the ancient trade routes, which led to the break-up of the ancient economy and so to the financial crises of the eighth century. When Charlemagne appeared, the imperial schism was the expression of a new economy in the Occident, running north and south in place of the time-honoured concentration round the Mediterranean. Thus the transition, from the ancient Empire to the Holy Roman Empire of mediaeval times, was not the result of a fortuitous conquest by one of



the barbarians who happened to be stronger and more effective than his forerunners, but the logical outcome of a profound re-orientation, for which the prime moving factor was the Islamic invasion.

It is a pity that this original study, which is elaborately documented, is presented in a form so extremely tiresome to read. The preface informs us that it was Pirenne's custom to re-write his books entirely, once he had given rough shape to the facts to be included. He had only completed the first draft of this one, at the time of his death, so perhaps we should not quarrel with the conscientiousness of the French editor in giving us the exact text as nearly as he could decipher it, although the argument is made harder to digest by the abruptness and occasionally irrelevance with which the material is organized.

G. F.

OSCAR WILDE. By Lord Alfred Douglas. Duckworth. 6s. net.

This is a slim book of 144 pages. Its sub-title is "A Summing up." Lord Alfred Douglas has changed the witness box for the bench. He sits there and recants. He has in the past said hard things about his friend but he was sorely provoked. Time and the Catholic Church, which he had since joined, have helped him to forgive now that he has understood. But whilst he makes a case for Wilde the poet and playwright and without condoning vice endeavours to rehabilitate him socially, he finds time for an injudicious sneer at Speranza and Sir William Wilde. He will have it that the former was a *poseuse*, a poor poet and a parlour Fenian and the latter a brilliant surgeon who would have been forgotten were he not Oscar's father and had not Frank Harris scavenged in contemporary newspapers. If Lady Wilde dressed fantastically, her sincerity and genuine poetic impulse were not thereby impugned. On their own merits her contributions to *The Nation* will be remembered. Her poem on the Famine finds a place in most Irish anthologies.

Dealing with Wilde's life at Trinity College, Dublin, Lord Alfred Douglas states: "Mahaffy had a great influence (probably not for the good) over Oscar." This influence, it would appear, turned away Wilde's "tendencies towards Catholicism" and oriented him into the pagan paths of Greece. Mahaffy acknowledged his indebtedness to his undergraduate friend in the preface to *Social Life in Greece*, but it is not generally known that this tribute was removed by Mahaffy in later editions.

This book is an apologetic sequel to the author's earlier *Without Apology*; it will be collected by those who will not tolerate any *lacunae* in their Oscariana. It adds little, however, to what is already known.

A. J. L.

THE IDEA OF A CHRISTIAN SOCIETY. By T. S. Eliot. Faber. 5s. net. 99 pp.

Mr. Eliot's increasing preoccupation with formal religion is certainly a loss to poetry and criticism, and I do really doubt whether it is a gain to theology. As a religious thinker, he lacks the clarity of such continental philosophers as Sturzo and Maritain, and he does not expose himself with the vigour of

Christopher Dawson. Not even the distinction of the prose can conceal a certain wooliness in this book's conception. The author set himself here to avoid the practical issues, and this might be justified were he to deal with the fundamental ones, but this book does not deal in fundamentals, but in generalities—which is very much less satisfactory. It seems to me that Mr. Eliot's name has led many critics to overvalue this book.

G. F.

THE JOURNAL OF JOHN WESLEY. Abridged and edited by Nora RATCLIFF, M.A.  
Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 6s. net.

We have waited for this abridgement for years. Here at last is the ideal bedtime book: not too heavy to hold, brimful of every kind of interest, the musings and observations of the greatest Englishman of the 18th century. It is now a truism to say that millions of readers were lost to *The Bible in Spain* because of its title. Just the same melancholy story may be told of Wesley's Journals: the name suggested nothing but a record of religious extravagance. No shrewder man ever walked this earth, viz.: Wesley owed his conversion to some brother reading aloud Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans. Many years later he records in spite of this debt that Luther had a "rough, untractable spirit and bitter zeal for opinions, so greatly obstructive of the work of God." Samples of what the Journal contains may be taken anywhere:—A picture of a Welsh Landscape on page 192 is vividly descriptive. He has just finished the *Tenth Iliad*: the brief comments on Homer could not be bettered. What humour!—He has visited a woman in Bedlam. His Preachers have been denied entrance. "So we are forbid to go to Newgate for fear of making them wicked; and to Bedlam, for fear of driving them mad." He notices the difference the moment he enters Ulster on his way from Longford. Edinburgh (twice observed with years between) is very dirty. And this to finish: He is speaking of the farmers—Nov. 5th, 1766. "Of all the people in the kingdom they are the most discontented, seldom satisfied either with God or man."

SAMUEL B. CROOKS.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE GARDENER. By Jason Hill. Illustrated by John Nash.  
Pp. 214. London: Faber and Faber, Ltd. 1940. 10/6 net.

As might be expected, this is a thoroughly satisfactory book, well-informed, competent, accurate, well-written, practical and interesting. It is, emphatically, the book for the gardener who has little space and less money at his disposal. It is full of suggestions for making a little go a long way and getting the most out of available material. It is not intended for the rich specialist. It would be vain to look for directions how to grow Alpine varieties which win prizes in Country Flower Shows and daffodils at £10 a bulb! I turned first, for my amusement, to the chapter on "Unwanted Plants." Jason Hill is contemptuous of the Siberian Wallflower, "which is neither Siberian nor a wallflower," but he likes its hybrid offspring with *Cheiranthus mutabilis*. Aubretia he regrets in its modern development "into fierce aniline tones of violet and magenta." He considers that where it has been allowed full play, "the landscape would be better without it." Of Rambler and Polyantha Roses he is scornful. "Poor

garish Dorothy Perkins has been hooted out of the gardens in which she was once so popular . . . but her place has been taken by much more malignant dwarf varieties in several harsh and acrid colours." He particularly hates *Gloria Mundi*, "with scentless papery flowers in fierce orange scarlet." *Prunus Pissartii* (known to the trade as *Pissardii* !) has a page of obloquy. The other unwanted plants are the double reddish-pink Hawthorn, "that blowsy Pink, Mrs. Sinkins," Sweet Peas and Daffodils. I have an affection for Aubretia. I would rather condemn the rampant Arabis. And I like daffodils.

There are chapters on "Hardy Plants for Heavy Soils," "Some Herbs for Use and Beauty," "Some Recalls to Favour," "Despised and Rejected," "Some Neglected Plants," and many others. Jason Hill has a good word for *Tradescantia*, an old-fashioned plant, which will, it appears, grow almost anywhere and flowers from June till the first frosts. I agree with him. For heavy soils he recommends Hellebores (I have found them difficult myself), Bearded Irises, *Rubus Odoratus*, Paeonies, Cowslips, Oxlips, *Daphne Mezereum* (I have always failed with it) and *Hemerocallis*.

I am glad he has not recommended that abomination *Telekia speciosa* which has leaves larger and uglier even than *Doronicum*. I was tempted to grow it from seed once, but had to exile it to a shady place in bad soil where nothing would grow (except spring bulbs).

The chapter on "Well-tried Varieties" includes *Rosa Moyesii*, which deserves all the praise it gets. I like *Rosa Hugonis*, too, myself. The "Blue Poppy" is also singled out for praise. "Its home is in woods and damp meadows." It must never be allowed to dry out in the summer.

Jason Hill tell us also about "Something to look at in the Winter." The unusual suggestions are the green Hellebore, *Codonopsis Clematidea* (which I have never tried), the Welsh Poppy, the Harebell, Henbane and Teazel, *Stachys lanata* and Love-in-the-mist and Honesty for their seeds.

Among the Herbs recommended are Costmary (Alecost), Tansy, Fennel, Lamb's Mint (Apple Mint) in its best non-variegated form, Rue. Personally I would not care to use Laurel Leaves instead of Bay. I have heard of people making jam of Laurel berries, but I have my doubts! There are many other interesting chapters, one of them on the Musk which lost its scent (if it ever really had any!) I would have liked to see some praise of the Rock Pinks, and I would put in a word for *Chrysogonum virginianum*.

This is a book that every discriminating gardener who is not an Alpine specialist or Scree-maniac ought to read. It is beautifully produced, and the drawings by John Nash are admirable.

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

WILD FOODS OF BRITAIN. By Jason Hill. Pp. 94. London: Adam and Charles Black. 1939. 2s. 6d. net.

To "Jason Hill" we owe that extremely interesting book, now some ten or twelve years old: *Herbs, Salads and Seasonings*, long my stand-by in growing a herb garden and in experimenting with out of the way salads and flavourings. Now he gives us a most useful and competent little book on the *Wild Foods of Britain*.

None of the "Cruciferae" are known to be poisonous—perhaps the only plant family of which this can be said. I have never met with Corn Salad in the wild state—a lapse of mine, although even the cultivated Corn Salad (*Valerianella olitoria*) I find insipid. Dandelion is excellent as a salad, especially forced. I have never eaten the roots. "Gardeners will eat it (Bishop's Weed) with vindictive satisfaction" (p. 15)—this is news to me, I did not know it was edible. I was unaware that *Lapsana communis* (Nipplewort) and Sow Thistle were edible. Pig Nut (*Cheropodium denudatum*) I used to hunt as a boy by the banks of the Dee, near Aberdeen, but I never found enough to make a dish! I did not know that the young leaves of the Field Poppy were edible when cooked in the same way as nettles. Nor was I aware that the leaves of the Wood Sorrel were edible. I miss in "Jason Hill's" book any mention of young wild-rose shoots; my father taught me to eat them raw, long ago, in Cornwall.

The chapter on mushrooms is meagre. I miss the Apricot mushroom (or Chanterelle) and the Hedgehog mushroom, both of which I used to gather and eat (stewed in milk) when I was a boy in Aberdeen. They were plentiful in and around Hazelhead Woods.

I am glad to see the Barberry and Elder rehabilitated. The Bilberry is excellent in every way, especially for jam, and even raw. But I always called it "Blaeberry" not "Whinberry" in Scotland, and "Frockens" in Ireland.

I am interested to learn that juniper berries are edible, as well as Hedge Mustard (*Alliaria officinalis*).

I have eaten *Empetrum nigrum* (Crowberry), common on the cliffs of Caithness and elsewhere. The Cowberry I found inedible. The Cloudberry (*Rubus chamaemorus*) is plentiful on the Caithness mountains—Scaraben, Morven, The Pap—and I have found it on Benachie, in Aberdeenshire. It is an excellent fruit, especially for jam. It is yellow when ripe, red when unripe.

Why does "Jason Hill" omit wild Raspberries, so plentiful in some districts—both red and white? The very short chapter on "Tisanes" interests me. The mint tisane tempts me. When I was a boy I was given an infusion of Wormwood (nasty, but good for me, apparently) and of St. John's Wort (less nasty!).

Ladysmock leaves may be used to replace pepper in salads, etc.

There are a number of useful and unusual recipes.

Garden snails are edible.

Among the recipes is one for "kissel"—a new name to me—"a refreshing Russian sweet" made of cranberry, blackberry, sloe, wild strawberry or elderberry with corn flower (p. 79).

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

THREE WAYS OF THOUGHT IN ANCIENT CHINA. By Arthur Waley. George Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

"The only thing we learn from experience is that we learn nothing from experience." George Bernard Shaw gave vent to some such paradox many years ago, and reading Mr. Waley's translations of histories of 2,500 years ago, seems indeed true. Here, in 221 B.C., is a totalitarian China, differing little from Germany of 1940; and the apparently inevitable corollary, a Collective Security ideology, aiming at a defensive alliance between threatened States. There was a State of Sung about which atrocity stories, as equally hair-raising in their own way



as any we hear to-day, were used as a pretext for annexation by two neighbouring, and much more powerful countries. There was even a forerunner of the Soviet-German Pact. Ch'in, an expansionist State, assured Ch'u that two such large and prosperous countries as Ch'u and Ch'i were in no danger from it, and demanded that Ch'u should break off her alliance with Ch'i, in return from some territory. Ch'u did so, received no territory, and next thing, just as she attempted to renew relations with her former ally, Ch'i, learnt that Ch'i had allied with Ch'in.

But these depressing repetitions are far from being the main portion of *Three Ways of Thought in Ancient China*. There are other ways of thought, even to-day, than totalitarian clichés, mass-observed facts, and sound-recorded opinions. And for those to whom the external scene of murder, cynicism and insanity is as nothing but a flimsy backcloth against which the consciousness of man unfolds, the wisdom, the metaphor and the poetry of Chang Tzu will be a very real delight.

Mr. Waley gets in some very sly, dry digs at Col. Lawrence and the Oxford Group Movement, and the hero of the book is that unconquerably strong personality of the present day, himself.

DAVID MARTIN.

MEN WITHERING. By Francis MacManus. Talbot Press. 5s.

MAN OF THE HOUSE. By D. M. Large. Browne & Nolan. 3s. 6d.

*Men Withering* does not live as vividly as it should live in memory when the book is laid aside. Truth to tell it is an untidy chronicle which, perhaps because of its lack of shape, does not move us as passionately as we should be moved by so tragic a tale. The author was, I think, too much concerned with giving a picture of the times of which he wrote, too little occupied with the shaping and re-shaping of this child of his own mind. He should have worked with hammer and chisel a great while longer.

The book completes a trilogy of which the others are *Stand and Give Challenge*, and *Candle for the Proud*. It tells of Ireland at the close of the eighteenth century, of the effect of the French Revolution on the Irish countryside. We hear of wild fighting and cruelty and of bitter suffering; a grim story, finely conceived. There is a quiet impressiveness in all that Mr. MacManus writes.

The author of *Man of the House* has, I think, succeeded in what she set out to do. She has given a pleasant picture of an Irish fishing village. I do not find much to say about it. Those readers who liked *The Gentle Companion* will like this book. It did not appeal to me; it was all too pleasant and idealistic. While reading I thought regretfully—"and this is by the author of those delightfully witty verses, and those amusing 'entries' which I so often read in *Time and Tide*." I wish D. M. Large would devote her energies to verse-making.

T. D.

SUN ON THE WATER. (Short Stories). By L. A. G. Strong. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Most noticeable in this collection of short stories by Mr. Strong is their calmness. Even in the first story "Sun on the Water" there is rest and satisfaction. In this piece there is no plot, really it is not a story—just a descriptive

piece of writing of the daily happenings on one of the Western Isles of Scotland as seen from the eyes of an invalid. Yet it holds the attention continually; one sees, hears and feels the colour sounds and breezes of the island. Mr. Strong understands the psychology of the invalid, he is able to sit inside the sick man's mind and note the world from there, he knows the little pains and pleasures of the man. His writing always tender is here particularly so. Strange that Mr. Strong is able to describe life so easily that he never makes it dramatically stirring—always it is acceptable, always pleasing. Mr. Strong's style, even, when he is cruelly sadistic (and he can be) is still able to let the reader relax. There is an atmosphere of life just going quietly and calmly on its way in all his work. Evening Piece, another sketch will please Mr. Strong's many readers, and is perhaps the best story in the book. That Mr. Strong is intrinsically a poet is evident in all these stories, and when he is using this gift he is most successful.

D. O'C.

LADY SARAH. By Magdalen King-Hall. Peter Davies. 8s. net.

The authoress informs us that the characters in this novel are real and the events in Lady Sarah's life have been closely followed. To put it mildly some of the events are quite amazing. Very few children of whatsoever extraction "bound forward into the middle of the Broad Walk, bob in front of the King laugh up into his face and say: 'Comment vous portez vous, Monsieur le roi?'" She did. As a grown woman she was no better than she should have been—worse, in fact.

Miss King-Hall has superb descriptive power as seen in Chapter XIII. Her interests however are too circumscribed. She must stop polishing coronets, come down from those dizzy heights, and mix with the common herd. It is abundantly in her to give us women like Tess or Jane Eyre or Hetty Sorrel: why does she avoid them? A really great novelist—in every sense of the word great—is here waiting to find her feet.

S. B. CROOKS.

A PAINTER'S PILGRIMAGE. By A. S. Hartrick, R.W.S. (Cambridge University Press). 15/-

Artists' biographies are often a bad buy as it is usually the bad artist who is most articulate. One knows too well the biography of the fashionable portrait-painter full of not so funny stories of what his sitters said, and studded with reproductions of his own paintings often not so much works of art as a series of genuflections before the rich and the pompous. His writing is usually duller if possible than his painting.

Mr. Hartrick's book is in a different category, he writes mostly—*mirabile dictu*—about other artists, and with such ease and distinction that it is clear he knows the writers' craft as well as his own.

He studied in Juliens' in Paris when that Academy was at its best and numbered among its habitués Toulouse—Lautric, Degas Vuillard, and many other long since famous French artists. Mr. Hartrick knew them all and discusses them and their work with the authority of an accomplished practising artist. Gauguin he knew in Port Avon and devotes a very interesting chapter to him.

He makes the suggestion which I think is made for the first time that the crucial change in Gauguin's work came from the study he made of 13th and 14th century stained glass when he was in association with Maurice Denis.

He has a very full account also of Van Gogh. When the author left Paris he worked as an artist on the Graphic where he replaced Sidney Hall for a time at the Parnell trial. S. P. Hall was one of the most famous of the Graphic correspondents; there are some sketches by him of Parnell in the National Gallery, Dublin.

It is a pity in a way that the artist didn't tell us more about himself—however interesting his friends were. He himself is a distinguished painter and lithographer. The book is very well illustrated in colour and half tone and contains two portraits of the author—one by Phil May. The better of the two by the young English artist Mr. Vincent Lines is reproduced on the dust-cover.

**THE SPIRIT OF THE EAST.** An anthology chosen by The Sirdar Iqbal Ali Shah. Nelson. 5s. net.

When one finds a good book at a low price it becomes a doubly good book: such a one is the Spirit of the East. The selections are of the spiritual writings of many religions of the East. The selections are representative of the spiritual quality of the religions from which they are taken. Even as fragments from a great bulk of spiritual philosophy they are complete in themselves. The Buddhists, Confucian, Hebrew, Hindu, Shinto, Moslem Parsee and Taoist religions are represented. They are the scriptures of the east which give dimension to any study of the eastern peoples. This book is scholarly without being academical and while not having any annoying footnotes for the novice contains a list of the authorities consulted for those further interested. I would have liked Whaley's translations from The Confucian Analects rather than Legge's; but then the book is only intended to stimulate and not feed, although there is enough food here. It is great little book that has much of the accumulated wisdom of some of the world's greatest thinkers . . . and all conveniently assembled for anyone to take. At all times it would be an admirable book, but more so in these evil days when our sense of values could so easily be lost.

D. O'C.

**LIGHTNING FLASH.** By Margaret O'Leary. London: Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

A Publisher's Note tells us that Miss O'Leary has based this novel on a play she had previously written. There is always a risk in handling a theme a second time, even in a different medium. There is, for instance, likely to be loss of spontaneity with the passing of the original impulse. And this seems to be the case with *Lightning Flash*, which, excellent as it is in places, as a whole seems to be slightly laboured.

It is a love story, about Maurice O'Hara, the young widower, son of a strong farmer. At the beginning he is about to propose to Kitty Boyle, a girl in every way suitable for him. But he accidentally comes across Ellen Dunn, the half gipsy girl, also a neighbour, most unsuitable in every way for him. The story of his turbulent infatuation for Ellen, and his neglect of Kitty, is well told, and



the various country characters, all more or less of a stock type, are natural and alive, and provide the best part of the book. Diversifying the main love theme there are many incidents of rural life told in racy and realistic fashion.

VULPES. By Harper Cory.

BOMBUS—THE BUMBLE BEE. By Ray Palmer.

MOLLY. THE NEW FOREST PONY. By Lady Kitty Ritson.

LARRY BLACKCAP. By D. E. Corkill. 3s. 6d. each.

WILD ANIMALS AT HOME. By Harper Cory. 7s. 6d. net. London. Nelson.

Though primarily intended for the child of, say ten to fourteen years of age, these books serve a broader purpose. They are so well written, so full of admirable nature lore, obviously the fruit of first hand experience, that they may be read with profit by those more advanced. Each book is a classic in its own way. In "Vulpes," the story of a fox in one of the English counties, Mr. Harper Cory excels. His fox is so natural, and the various incidents and phases of vulpine life so well described that one lays down the book with real regret. Ray Palmer does justice to the life of the Bumble Bee, and steers clear of the very common error of attributing to the wild creatures sagacity and foresight which they do not possess. His "Bombus" is plain unadorned bumble bee, no exaggeration, while fullest justice is done to the marvellous instincts of the creature. Lady Kitty Ritson makes "Molly" serve a double purpose: one not only acquires a deal of pony lore but learns how to care for a pet as well. This little book should make a perfect present for a young horse or pony owner. And, since all this knowledge is entwined with a very delightful tale the facts will be impressed the more easily upon the mind. Mr. Corkill roams farther afield. His Larry Blackcap is the common blackcap gull whose travels take it across much of the length and breadth of Europe. Mr. Corkill has imagination and appears to know his localities very well so that the book gains in vividness. It is a far cry from the Norfolk Broads to Marseilles but the author is equal to it and writes of scenery and places with assurance. From this little work one learns geography as well as much sound ornithological knowledge. "Wild Animals At Home" is much more ambitious. Herein the serious student will find treasures. Such matters as migration and the subtle difficulties of flock discipline are discussed, while the author's large experience as a field naturalist in both Britain and Canada has brought many widely divergent types within his ken. He is excellent when he is dealing with what might be termed the ethical and moral qualities of animals and is evidently a profound student of animal psychology. The book is well illustrated with photographs.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY. By Graham Greene. London: W. Heinemann. 8s. 3d. net.

An Author's note says that the scene of this book is laid in one of the states of Mexico ten years ago. It was a time when the priests were in course of extermination. The principal character is a nameless Priest who, knowing that it is death to be caught officiating, still wanders through the country saying Mass and hearing confessions secretly. He has some bad habits, is known as "the whiskey priest," and admits that in a time of great depression, and under the



influence of brandy, he became the father of a child. He is constantly intending to escape, but at every opportunity to do so he is prevented by a call from a sick or dying person, which he feels he cannot neglect. It is a blind clinging to a tradition of duty which masters him. It eventually leads to his capture and execution. A loathsome half-caste, also nameless, with only two teeth, "canines which stuck out yellowly at either end of his mouth," calls him to a death bed, and also notifies the police, thus securing the reward for the priest's capture. The Priest was convinced that he was going to be betrayed, but true to the dominant instinct of his character could not resist the call. There is not the slightest trace of melodrama in the telling of this tale. Neither is it emotional tragedy. There is a ruthless determinism in the writing that neither glorifies the good, nor reviles the bad, but sets down all with the impassive aloofness of the spectator from the outside. It is a grim picture of life ten years ago, in this nameless Mexican state, and there is a sort of reptilian fascination about the writing that almost mesmerizes the reader, and perhaps leaves him a little puzzled about the enigma of the author's mind and nature.

A HISTORY OF THE DELPHIC ORACLE. By H. W. Parke. Blackwell, 21s. Pp. viii and 457.

From this massive piece of research, inevitably somewhat overwhelming in its accumulation of detail, emerges a story of great interest for the student of human society.

At some time in that obscure period that divides the Mycenaean from the Hellenic world the priests of Apollo took over possession of the Oracle at Delphi, which already then had long been the seat of other prophetic powers. But hardly till the middle of the seventh century does the Oracle enter the full light of history, when it was brought under the control of a religious league of neighbour states. Early in the next century, about the time when Solon was archon at Athens, it weathered its first great crisis. It appears that the neighbouring town of Crisa imposed a tariff on pilgrims to Delphi and thereby threatened the rising prosperity of the Oracle. The league took the matter up, and after a stubborn struggle, destroyed Crisa and took possession of its fertile plain. Hereupon ensued a crucial decision. The plain, if divided among the male Delphians, and suitably stocked with serfs, might have maintained, as in Laconia or in Thessaly, a warrior caste of idle gentlemen. But a different decision was taken. The fertile plain was dedicated to the god; a stadium was marked off on which the Pythian games were henceforth celebrated at regular intervals; and the rest of the land was made into pasturage for the sacred flocks and herds. The Delphians, instead of becoming a warrior caste, had elected to transform themselves into "the only official body of professional priests in Greece." "The sanctuary of Apollo, while its fame continued and increased, was enough to ensure them a steady income without much labour."

The Delphians became thus the unique representatives in the Greek world of a caste which, in other civilisations, has flourished extensively. What service did they render? On nine days in the year, one day in every month except the three winter months when travel was more difficult, the Oracle was open for consultation. Here was organised a procedure in which the Pythia, a priestess chosen from the locality, gave, under possession by the god, responses to enquirers.

These responses, rarely intelligible as they fell from the lips of the prophetess, were cast into verse by priests trained for the task, and thus attained their final form. The Oracle, though its hey-day was over before the end of the fourth century, maintained some sort of existence for about a thousand years, influencing in countless ways the public and the private life of Greece. This long history Dr. Parke traces with an exemplary industry and a command of the modern technique of historical research which make of his study the greatest monument yet reared to the enduring fame of the Oracle. As far as the collection of material goes he can have left very few ears for later gleaners. The book is a triumph of patience and skill, and must at once be recognised as a necessary item in the equipment of every up-to-date classical library.

But the very completeness of its success as a collection of facts invites the application of another test. When all the known facts about the Oracle have been collected there still remains the problem of their interpretation, and in this department of the historian's task Dr. Parke does not appear to the present reviewer to have been equally successful. The problems of the genuineness of the Oracle, and of its contribution, if any, to the spiritual life of ancient Greece, are handled with a gingerly caution which is depressing; and the crucial chapter on The Procedure of the Oracle, which sets the tone of the book, is definitely weak. There is no space here to argue this matter at length, but an example may be given of his lack of firmness in handling this topic. He can tell us, with regard to the prophetesses, that "probably the majority of these women, particularly when they came of ordinary peasant stock, were simple tools." But, when he comes to discuss the priests who manipulated these simple tools, his language assumes a degree of cautious ambiguity suitable, perhaps, to the technique of parliamentary answering but surely not worthy of the historian. "In a special emergency when it seemed expedient that one particular answer must be given, the priest may have consciously or half-consciously substituted his own predetermined reply as the authentic utterance of the prophetess." This is having things both ways with a vengeance. Dr. Parke assures us that "scarcely any ancient author was so sceptical as to think the oracle was utter fraud." That is as may be. But surely a priest of the Oracle who realises that the occasion is one of special importance and that a certain answer must be given, and who accordingly comes into the presence of the Oracle with a predetermined reply, must himself have been dangerously near holding that sceptical opinion which Dr. Parke denies to the hardiest critics of antiquity.

The eighteenth century produced a voluminous study of *The Oracles of the Pagans* by a learned Dutchman, Van Dale. Fontenelle, impressed by the work, which seemed to him *plein d'une grande connaissance de l'antiquité et d'une érudition très-étendue*, had the idea of translating it into French. But on mature consideration he changed his mind. *Sur les mêmes faits et sur les mêmes passages*, he tells us, *que me fournissait Van Dale, j'ai quelquefois raisonné autrement que lui*. So in the end he wrote his own book, although he did not forget that he could not have done it without the help of Van Dale. *J'ai pris sa science et j'ai hasardé de me servir de mon esprit tel qu'il est*. So came into existence a very significant book. Here, then, is a precedent which may encourage some modern philosopher of independent temper who lacks the thews and sinews for the labour of research. For, in view of the outstanding merits of Dr. Parke's book, it is devoutly to be hoped that he too may find his Fontenelle.

B. FARRINGTON.